TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The leniency shown the Jarvis brothers by Justice Rose was doubly unexpected. The judge is esteemed to be the severest one on the bench and ex policeman Jarvis was hardly the one who had any reason to expect much mercy. True, his claim that he was not an habitual criminal had something in it, but the fact remains that he had been a guardian of the peace for many years, knew what was right, and on at least three noteworthy occasions chose what was wrong, in every case his choice showing repulsive and brutal instincts. It seems to me if men should be punished severely for anything it is when three big, hulking brutes set upon one man and pound him to pieces. A man who will do that is no good, and if I were a judge I would give him lodgings in a dark cell and let the poor boy who had been tempted to theft or the weak woman who has wandered into sin have a chance. Mercy is a beautiful thing, but the way it is sometimes shown is a marvel. Big, strong men find tender mercy for downright and most cowardly brutality, while the weak who have scarcely power to resist are given the worst of it. It but reminds us of the relic of barbarism which still exists in our laws, guarding property with rigid and unforgiving severity, while offences against the person such as unprovoked assaults and murderous attacks are excused, drunken brawlings, kicktings and wife beatings are passed over as trivial matters. The poor woman who steals a loaf of bread is punished more severely than the inhuman husband who kicks his wife about the room or beats her over the head with a poker! I admire the idea of British fair play too much to see fellows like the three Jarvises let loose to thump some poor, inoffensive wayfarer or vent their malignant spleen on a traveling companion. If two men have a fight and each one has a fair show, I can imagine a judge letting them go with a rebuke if they promise never to do it again, but when it is three to one they deserve six months or a year.

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Talking about criminals, Donald Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, though he had the blood of a fellow being on his hands excited a vast deal of sympathy, and I confess I felt somewhat sorry to see him captured, particularly when there is a very considerable suspicion of treachery connected with it. He held the fort against all comers, and made the squad of Montreal policeman, headed by Judge Dugas, look wonderfully absurd. His crime was perpetrated in a defence of what he thought was right and "square," and though it did not make it less a crime he excited sympathy by his courage and determination. There is a note of wonderful pathos, too, in the little incident which preceded his arrest. He had come home to his father's house and his old mother filled his pockets with bread and put up a bottle of milk for him and gave him a blanket. Reading the story one can't help seeing the poor old mother who loved her boy all the more tenderly because he had been outlawed in a struggle for what he esteemed his rights. One can hear her trembling words of caution and advice, and can imagine the touch of those kindly old hands as she handed him her little provision for his night in the woods. What were the fugitive's thoughts as he sat in the little kitchen watching his mother making preparations for his wants, and how overcome she must have been when she saw the policemen carrying away her wounded son. There is not half as much brutality in the murder that Morrison committed and the fight that he made for liberty, as in the beating given by the three Jarvises to an inoffensive companion, and I admire the Caledonian and St. Andrew's societies in the Eastern Townships for their effort to defend their compatriot.

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Blakeley Hall in between four and five columns of interviews with English statesmen as to the future of Canada has at least made one thing plain, that the mother country does not intend to hold Canada by force but that she will defend us against all assaults if British connection is maintained. The fact that we have established a protective tariff appears to have caused some Englishmen to doubt whether the connection is worth maintaining, while others, notably the Right Hon. James Lowther, M. P., glory in the fact that public opinion is rapidly becoming alive to the necessity of following the example of the rest of the world in this respect. If England commercially treats all the world as well as she does her colonies, if she buys Russia's surplus wheat and thereby enriches her hereditary enemy, if she accepts the millions of bushels of Yankee wheat and thereby furnishes a livelihood not only for American farmers but for the railroads running to the sea border without thinking or caring that a discriminatory duty would ruin the prairies of Manitoba and the North-West with settlers and enable us to outrun our neighbors in obtaining desirable emigrants, she has no right to be surprised if the Dominion Government says by its actions that we do not care what becomes of her mills, foundries and factories. Her system of protection is buying her breadstuffs, etc., in the cheapest market without regard to its effect on her colonies. Our system is a taxation of all materials produced outside of Canada without regard to where they come from. She claims to have adopted free trade in order that living may be cheap and production assisted thereby; we, on the other hand, give as a reason for protection that it is necessary in order that we may produce manufactured materials at all. When Great Britain places a tax of ten cents a bushel on all wheat produced outside of the Empire, a cent a pound on beef and cheese, it will show that she is trying to send her business our way, and we will readily discriminate in favor of her manufactured goods that we may send our business her way. Till then, commercially speaking, she is following the policy of not caring what becomes of us, and forces us not to be particularly mindful of what becomes of her interests. Of course the sentimental tie remains, and it is stronger than any purely mercenary bond, but if we are to have a common destiny we must have common interests commercially and I am glad to see the British statesmen and British people appreciating this fact. No matter how people sneer at the idea of a revival in any form of the old corn laws it is apparent enough to thoughtful folk that the inhabitants of the British islands can better afford to pay a farthing a loaf more for their bread than to have their manufactures so reduced by the competition of highly protected nations that they will no longer have a penny to buy a bone.

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The Rev. Dr. McMullen, Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly, is right when he says that the Third Party scheme is a failure. It unites Protestantism, Prohibition and radical politics in a way which will not be acceptable to those who are Protestants first, last and always, or to Prohibitionists who would like to make other people drink out of the same tap with themselves, or to the radical re-organizers who would like to see economy in public expenditure and the re-organization of our institutions without having to accept any religious dogmas or prohibitory fads. We have had an example in our city government of the absurdity of electing a man or men to "hold the fort" and protect the home and fireside without knowing enough about ordinary business to prevent the public pocket from being picked.

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The Citizens' Committee has done good work and is all right in its way, but it is too general, and seems to spread its shot after the style of the old blunderbuss, which held a very small charge but had a big muzzle, and while making a great noise was never deadly except at short range. The big meetings have been instructive, the speeches valuable as an educational influence, but the organization is not sufficiently perfect to materialize the good which could be the result. What I imagine to be needed is a union of all the citizens who believe in one language, one patriotism, one flag without regard to sect or party, and the formation of an aggressive force which shall squarely confront the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Quebec, and then when the two meet we may hope to see a decisive contest and final settlement. We cannot do this as Protestants, but we can as Canadians, who insist that the laws which are good enough for the majority are good enough for all. Supposing Protestants to be in the majority there is but one law which would be acceptable to them all and that would be one which refused to recognize sect or creed, which would secularize public schools and leave religion to be taught in the homes and churches. If we expect to live in peace with our Catholic fellow citizens some of the loud talking clergymen who are now protesting against Jesuitism must abandon the idea of teaching any "ism" in the public schools. I believe in churches and religion, and can accept without hesitation those doctrines upon which Christianity is founded, but I did not acquire my faith in a public school or in a separate school, nor have I had it added to there, nor have I ever seen a child of religious parents benefited by the reading of the scriptures or the prayers by the schoolmaster, but I have seen Roman Catholic children driven from school through such exercises. The argument that we must have religion in our public schools if we would escape becoming a godless nation is utterly false and is a piece of that presumption so characteristic of clergymen when they enter politics or attempt to lead the public by the nose. If it be a correct rule that pedagogues must be preachers our public schools are immeasurably inferior to the separate and parochial schools of the Roman Catholic Church. In the latter, religion is taught more than arithmetic, and yet are there Protestants who would state that children so educated are more law-abiding, more God-fearing, more gently nurtured than the youngsters who go to the public schools? The majority of Protestants would answer that the opposite is true, that the statistics of the country prove that in proportion to their numbers there are more convictions in the courts of law against those claiming to be Roman Catholics than against those claiming to be Protestants, but they endeavor to facilitate their retreat by alleging that the religious training in the separate schools has been a failure because of the errors of the Roman creed. If a Protestant clergyman can teach Roman Catholics how to make a creed they had better begin; they never have been able to do it yet. The bishops and priests, having the advantage of hearing the confessions of their parishioners, and knowing more thoroughly than any other class of men on the surface of the earth the inside workings of the human mind and the necessities of both immature and mature humanity, can better than anyone else, except the individual himself, formulate the Christian religion to suit the necessities of an individual case. Protestant clergymen, who are seldom nearer their parishioners than the pulpit, have much less chance to weigh the doctrines and adapt them to the youthful or the ignorant. The father, the mother, the Sunday school teacher, and in advanced spiritual education the clergyman, are the proper channels through which religious education should be given, and I reiterate that the narrow-minded and short-sighted attempts to introduce the Bible into the public schools, or to arrange selections from the Bible, have been the cause of the present wide separation between the public and the separate schools. Why do parsons and parents want the Bible in the schools? It is in order to personally evade home duties! It is the outgrowth of the modern attempt to be religious entirely by proxy!

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The more I hear of these anti-Jesuit speeches the more I deplore the absence of some one who, in stentorian tones, could preach the duties of citizenship and the absolute separation of our politics from our religious isms. The introduction of some common plane upon which the electors of this country could meet and be prevented by the constitution from introducing the disturbing and unprofitable discussion of religious matters is what is now demanded. Religion has been defined as between man and his God, Morals as between man and man, and politics certainly should be the sphere in which the citizen attends to his duties, to his country and to himself. He cannot do this without observing moral rules, but it does not include any connection with his belief in the Westminster Confession of Faith, the XXXIX Articles, Calvinism, Transubstantiation, Arminianism or the Infallibility of the Pope.

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If all those who are seeking to influence the future of the country in a proper and patriotic way were to combine and select the plank upon which they all seem to be agreed and unite their energy on that line something would have to give, and it is to be hoped that that will be the outcome of all the movements and sub-movements which are now exciting so much attention. As it is, the Third Party, the Citizens' Committee outfit and the Conservative Protestants, Liberal Anti-Jesuits, etc., are quarreling amongst themselves and already have their hands buried deeply in each other's hair, the *Globe* going so far in its wrath as to stigmatize D'Alton McCarthy, who is one of the most earnest, sincere and self-sacrificing of the thirteen, as an "oratorical hog."

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I hear, with regret, that John Charlton, than whom there is not a cleverer man on the Opposition benches in the House of Commons, is not of the opinion that he should hold out against his Liberal confreres and has been coaxed back into the fold. Among the prominent Liberals in the Dominion House nobody has received more snubs from the light-weights who have charge of the Opposition than Mr. Charlton has. He has been sat upon, repressed, shoved aside and brow-beaten until he has had every reason to rebel. Now that he has revolted I would be sorry to see him again fall into line. Liberalism in Ontario needs just such a man as John Charlton. There is no reason why he should not lead a strong, cohesive force in this Province. If he on one hand retired from the Dominion House in which his influence is not felt and went into our Provincial politics, while D'Alton McCarthy leads the Conservatives who are tired of their chains in our legislature, we might hope to see a coalition which would overthrow Mr. Mowat and establish reforms which are urgently needed, reforms which should begin with the uprooting of the French language from our schools and an agitation for the repeal of the separate school arrangement. But the millenium has not yet come and the lion and the lamb will not lie down in the same apartment.

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I have no doubt that Mr. Henry W. Darling wishes he had not been the foreman of the Grand Jury which heard the Milne case. With an outburst of generosity, the existence of which the city had not suspected, he became the medium for conveying to Miss Simpson a five dollar bill, intended to console her for the loss of money and time incurred by her alleged adventure with the horse doctor. Mr. Milne's friends believe him innocent; the Grand Jury threw out the bill against him, and said in effect they did not believe he seized her satchel and yet they believed her story to the extent of subscribing to a fund for her benefit. It is a queer mix. If I had been on the jury I either would have believed all of Miss Simpson's story or none of it. As it is, the result is much after the style of the verdict formulated by a Western jury when one of their neighbors was accused of stealing a hog: "Not guilty; but if you do it again, we'll lynch you!"

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It is evident that the *News* has been representing the opinions of a considerable section of the Salvation Army in its attacks on the management of that body, or the exposure of Wednesday last would not have come about. There must be a widespread discontent, or ex-staff captain Arthur Sumner, formerly editor of the *War Cry* would not have published his book, "The New Papacy; or Behind the Scenes in the Salvation Army," nor would Commissioner Coombs have taken the trouble to buy up the edition and burn it, though it is alleged it had been already sold to a Yonge street newsdealer. There must be something rotten in the management of the glory lads and hallelujah lasses, or such drastic measures would not be resorted to. That the commissioner had a pretty strong pull on the ex-captain is evident, or he could not have accomplished what he did, and that said commissioner used it for all it was worth indicates a variety of discipline which reminds one more of the dark ages than of a modern and self-sacrificing effort to raise the fallen and save souls. I am sorry to hear it. The Salvation Army has done great good in Toronto and these exposures must injure their influence. Many a poor devil has been put on his feet, hundreds of homes have been purified and countless lives blest by the ministrations of this Salvation Army. However repellant their methods may be to those of us who like to get our religion from cultured preachers while we sit in softly padded pews, the fact remains that the lives of those who go out into the highways and byways and hedges and ditches seeking and saving the lost have been amongst the most noble of modern attempts to imitate the Master. To have such a good cause scandalized is saddening. And yet such results seem to invariably come to all religious organizations as they get older. Our Methodist friends when they undertook their work were scarcely more conventional in their methods; now like older denominations they are apt to insist on souls

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that need saving applying at the church during office hours or staying unsaved. But when new movements are most needed God seems to raise up those able to undertake them and willing to work and suffer for His sake, and so it will always be.

Brother Mowat must have felt the keenness of the tooth of ingratitude when Senator Pierce moved that the privileges of the floor of the New York Senate be granted to the Premier of Ontario and Senator Murphy objected on the ground that "no courtesy should be extended to any dependent of the British Crown" Senator Murphy could not have heard of what the Hon. Oliver Mowat has done for his countrymen; he cannot have read the Home Rule resolutions which the Premier has presented to Downing Street. How small a thing is fame. And how very, very small a man a New York demagogue must be.

Since the news has arrived of the safety of the seven hundred lives on the steamship Danmark, I have received a letter inquiring what reward the owners of the steamship Missouri would receive for having attempted to tow the disabled ship and for carrying her passengers to port. I am informed by a gentleman who for years was an officer on an ocean steamer, that had the Missouri succeeded in towing the Danmark to harbor she would have received a certain percentage on the value of the ship and cargo which would probably have amounted to $50,000 or $60,000, but as the attempt was unsuccessful the Missouri will receive nothing as salvage though the transportation of the wrecked passengers will be paid for. The Missouri having been crowded and being forced to jettison some of her cargo, my informant tells me that no doubt first class passage will be charged for each person saved. Certainly the captain and owners of the Missouri should receive ample compensation for the risk they ran and the great expense which they incurred. Supposing the owners of the Danmark or the government paid $60 apiece for the seven hundred, $40,000 would not be too large a sum.

The Opposition papers are making a great complaint because of large subsidies about to be granted by the Dominion Government for a fast line of Atlantic and Pacific steamers running in connection with Canadian roads. It strikes me that an effort should be made to develop the Canadian idea and such an idea evidently includes an effort to induce Canadians to do their traveling on Canadian railways and on Canadian ships. While our Atlantic service is so slow that the greater amount of business is diverted to New York, if half a million dollars were paid to a line making twenty miles an hour Canadians will soon get into the habit of using these ships, and in the course of a few years, when the business has become established, this subsidy will no longer be necessary. It is but another phase of Protection—the nursing of an infant industry—and the carrying of passengers between Canada and England is now in a state of infancy. Whether the subsidy be too large or not, one is unable to judge and though we are told this will enormously add to the public burden yet I imagine Canadians are willing to stand it in the hope of establishing this as a great highway between Europe, Asia and Australia. Sir John is, at least, not afraid of tackling great things, and the Opposition have not yet learned to appreciate the growing sentiment of this country that a few dollars spent in developing it are not wasted. DON.

Publishers' Announcement.

Feeling that advertising matter has been permitted to encroach for the past two or three weeks on the space of SATURDAY NIGHT, a sixteen-page paper will be issued next week.

SATURDAY NIGHT is getting along very nicely, thank you!

SATURDAY NIGHT'S holiday number, "CANADA'S SUMMER," is in course of preparation. Nothing prettier has ever been issued in Canada. It will appear the first of June.

Society.

The Kirmess is a success. Everything has gone off as smoothly as a canoe skims the placid waters of the bay. The adjective rhapsodizers of the daily press have exhausted their abundant stores of qualifying and descriptive words in picturing its gay scenes, and to their credit be it said they have done it well. All of those young gentlemen, "in the strict privacy of print," took the sympathetic public, figuratively speaking, to one side, and whispered, "See here, the first thing I did on going to the Kirmess was to fall desperately in love with sixteen or seventeen of the prettiest girls there, and if I have gushed a little too much over them, you'll excuse me this time." This may serve to correct an impression—which seems to be widely prevalent—that newspaper men have no souls, and that they have bade a long farewell to all the sentiments that sway ordinary humanity. This but shows the breadth and liberality of their soul, which is so catholic in its choice, and the sensibility, which is so exquisite as to be affected deeply at the near sight of so much loveliness.

After their elaborate and exhaustive reports of the Kirmess proceedings of the last four evenings I do not think it necessary or prudent to attempt a detailed account in the limited space at my disposal.

The cast of performers remained substantially the same as I gave last week in this column. The ladies in the different booths worked hard and cheerfully in the interests of their especial departments, and many a man who, like Miles Standish, "could march up to the mouth of a cannon and summon the foe to surrender," struck his colors without a word to a pair of bright eyes and a lovely face and going down into the depths of his clothes threw out the yellow coins as if they were dross.

The most noticeable booth was the *Marche de Fleurs* which was in the centre of the hall and surmounted by a huge canopy of pink gauze, trimmed with lace and festooned with flowers. Beneath were flowers of every hue and variety, and between the flowers and the canopy, under the motto *Au Printemps*, the young ladies, each

"Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower,"

were enough to drive even the reporters to writing spring poetry.

Le Chateau d'Or, so named on account of its gold decorations, was the abode of all manner of comfitures and presented a brilliant appearance. The book stall was also most attractively arranged in a style at once tasteful and unique. The other stalls, which I have not room to mention separately, were prettily decorated, and in the bewildering flood of beauty they all presented to my masculine gaze I could not presume to award to any group the prize. There was beauty everywhere. Not only among the gaudily and airily attired maidens taking part in the show, but among the conventionally dressed ladies looking down on the gay throng from the gallery were to be seen the dark flashing eyes and raven hair which look so picturesque surmounting a Gypsy costume, and the gleaming golden locks and blue eyes which so charmingly harmonize with the gay *directoire*. And in faith the beauty was not all to the fair sex, for many an Adonis was there, and the Apollos were not a few, though Apollonaris was absent.

Not the least pleasing part of this spectacle was the many children rushing about the hall in their coats of many colors. They took no pains to conceal their delight in their flashy attire and the excitement of the occasion. A bright little fellow of ten or thereabouts, clad in a light blue coat, confided to a bosom friend in my hearing that "this is just bully; wish there was a Kirmess all the time." More staid and stately were the little girls, though none the less pleased. And speaking of stately little girls, I cannot help noticing particularly the quaint stateliness of little Miss Hughes in the court costume of a grand dame of the last century. The minuet danced by her and her brother was much admired.

I had the pleasure of conversing with a fair New Yorker who is visiting Toronto at present. Though not a member of the elect 400 of that city, she has had ample opportunity to study and mingle with that illustrious body and looking at the gay crowds at the Pavilion the other night she said: "I wish all these fresh pretty young girls could be transported and set down in a New York ball room. What a sensation they would create! I must confess that I have never seen such a collection of bright, vivacious, healthy looking girls and I have seen many gatherings of the *haut ton* of New York, both in the metropolis and at Newport and Saratoga." This tribute to our Toronto girls from an American lady, who is a close observer, is worthy of being chronicled.

The Pavilion lends itself admirably to decoration and looks well in its Kirmess dress.

The singing of Miss Ethel Osler, Mr. Harry Jarvis, Miss Gussie Robinson and Mr. Wood, Miss Geikie's violin solo and Miss Hart's piano solo, at the *Cafe Militaire* on the opening night, were much admired.

The members of the Park Lawn Tennis Club have been using their turf courts for nearly two weeks; but this ground does not require the nursing which must be given to the scene of the Canadian championship many months hence. To September is a rather far cry, but the presence of Mr. Hamilton, the Irish champion, who is going to "pothunt" in America this summer, is already announced at the annual championship tournament. The opening of the grass courts at the P. L. T. C. will mean the recommencement of the popular Monday afternoons. The famous tea will soon be once more quaffed, and the soot from the neighborhood of the Union Station execrated as of yore.

The cricket season opens rather sadly for the Toronto Club, since it seems certain that this is the last year of their tenure of the beautiful Bloor street ground. I fear that the beauties of this field, with the convenient shade of its lofty trees, its stretches of greenest turf, and its accessibility, have had as much to do with the fair and fashionable popularity of cricket of late years as a real love for the long drawn-out glories of the noblest of games. From the south of College avenue the club has been driven to the north of the University, and next year the march of bricks and mortar will compel it to seek pastures new in the far west. Then it will be seen whether the fair of Toronto have a true love for cricket's manly charms.

Mr. and Mrs. Lagrande of Quebec have been for a few weeks welcome visitors to town. Their presence at the great meeting last Monday night would seem to show that all Lower Canadian Roman Catholics do not favor the Jesuits, but then again, it might not.

Fashion on Monday evening, at least that portion that was not dining out, was divided between Mrs. Siddons and Mr. McCarthy. Why could not the forces have been united? Recitation might have followed speech with great effect, but there was certainly no room at the Granite Rink for the whole of Mrs. Siddons' audience. That small portion of it represented by myself suffered much pain before it got a fair view of the platform.

The Kirmess, tried but true, the Ontario Jockey Club's meeting, the Amateur Minstrels, the Harmony Club, etc., all these are fashionable events, but after the long restraint society yearns to loose its limbs in the dear valse, and where is the hostess that will enable it to do so?

"In the spring a young man's fancy," etc,

but how shall we have our usual stock of May betrothals and June marriages without any of the best inducements to such romances?

One wedding, at least, we shall have before the weather gets hot and we fly to cooler climes. A marriage has been arranged between Miss Eudie Hugel and Mr. Ward, the eldest son of Mrs. Cameron, occasionally of Carlton street, and will take place in June. For some years a frequent visitor to Toronto, Miss Hugel's popularity is unbounded, and while society wishes her long life and happiness, it rejoices in the likelihood that even if she does not reside here she will often grace our city in the future as in the past.

Mr. and Mrs. White of London, England, have been paying a visit to Toronto, and must have found their reception none the less pleasant in that a Transatlantic guest is at this time of the year a *rara avis*.

The queen of amateur songstresses on Easter Sunday charmed congregations which filled every seat at both the morning and evening services in St. George's Church. In a beautiful solo in an anthem which was almost too much for the rest of the choir, Miss Robinson was at her very best. One can hardly say more.

Miss Campbell returned from Ottawa last Saturday, after a stay of some few weeks. In spite of much gaiety at the Capital, Miss Campbell is looking well.

Mr. Fasken of New York has been staying with friends here, and has been well treated by the gay world. Such is the lot of all such visitors from the States.

Miss Jessie McInnes of Montreal has been once more the guest of her aunt, Mrs. James Strachan, on Richmond street. Miss McInnes left this week for Dundurn, her father's old place at Hamilton, but returns to town in a few days.

There are few of its shining lights whom society can less easily spare than Miss Hodgins. This lady has gone to England just in time for the London season and is not expected back before the autumn. Her popularity in Toronto was equalled in Ottawa, where vice-royalty made much of her. Miss Hodgins' success in London is assured.

Miss Massey of Halifax, N. S., is one of the guests here who has temporarily helped society to endure its losses. We are not often favored with visitors from the Maritime Provinces, but Miss Massey's good report may bring others of her kind.

The performance by the Harmony Club of the Pirates of Penzance, on May 17 and 18, promises to eclipse even Patience, and to wipe those ill-jangled *cloches* from shuddering memory. Mrs. Thomson cannot fail to enchant, while Mr. Grant Stuart's major-general will be a rare treat. The chorus, both masculine and feminine, are the best the club has ever had, and Mr. Thomson's stage management of the opera is above praise. Gag as they may, however, I don't think that any actor will bring down the house as did the immortal Bunthorne—the never-to-be-forgotten Sykes, with his encore verse,

"I'm a pay up my rent young man."

Does a lady who lives not a hundred miles from St. George street own to the authorship of that famous verse?

Mrs. G. W. Yarker and the Misses Yarker have left Dresden and are now in London where they will do a portion of the season before they retire to a watering place on the southern coast. Mrs. Edward Jones, Mrs. Wynn, Miss Jones and the Messrs. Jones have also left Egypt, and are seeking London, the point toward which most of the world either goes or wishes to go at about this time of year.

It was with regret that society witnessed the departure for their own home at Gananoque, of Mrs. Ford Jones and the Misses Ford Jones. During the winter Mrs. Ford Jones has inhabited Mr. Yarker's house on Beverley street. I believe that the new lessees of a house which seems to be almost as fortunate as regards its tenants as in its owners, are to be Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Fergusson. In the autumn, Beverley street expects to welcome Mrs. Yarker and the Misses Yarker.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt, like the founders of the cathedral, anticipates the westward march of the town, and has purchased a house which his friends are afraid they will find very much so, for it is beyond Spadina avenue and north of Bloor street.

Mr. and Mrs. Attrill, late of several places on both sides of the Atlantic and at one time the tenants of Mr. Gordon Brown's Beverley street house, have taken Mr. Thos. Hodgins' house on Bloor street. The Misses Attrill were a year or two amongst the belles of Toronto society, but owing to the severe illness of Mr. Attrill, have not been very visible since they returned to town.

In spite of the fact that sunny Italy still keeps Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Meyrick Bankes from their rightful residence, the doors of Chestnut Park are once more open. Mr. William Macpherson of Quebec and Mrs. W. Macpherson are staying there, and are doing much to sustain the reputation of one of Toronto's most hospitable mansions.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who has also been spending some time at Chestnut Park, returned to Kingston this week, but only for a few days, as she and Mr. Kirkpatrick are expected back today.

Toronto society in general and the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club in particular have sustained a great loss this week in the departure of Mr. Harvey Hayes for Victoria, B. C. Mr. Hayes for some years past has so energetically and indefatigably performed the duties of hon. secretary to the T. L. T. C. that his successor will find it by no means easy to keep things going as they have gone. The post is no sinecure. The club, owing to its exclusiveness, has but a small membership, while it has to pay a large rent for its excellent and convenient grounds on Front street. Thus, matters of finance have to be closely watched, and the character of the membership demands the exercise of considerable tact on the part of the chief executive officer. Mr. Hayes has long been ailing in health, and though a trip to England restored him for a time, he finds that the Toronto winters are too much for him.

The new hon. secretary of the T. L. T. C. is Mr. Kirkpatrick of Brockton. This gentleman has had good experience in his successful establishment of the Oseington Lawn Tennis Club; and though he has been a member of the more important club for only a short time, its members have confident hopes of his success. The cinder courts are already in full use, and if we are spared more snow, the grass courts will be ready at a time which is so early in the season as to be almost without precedent.

Miss Ada Watson of Bloor street west gave a very enjoyable little dance last Saturday evening to about twenty people. Miss Watson was assisted by her two sisters in entertaining and making the evening the success it was. Among those that were there were the Misses Smith, Miss Ross, Miss Allie Heward, Miss Elliott, Miss Hattie Scott, Miss Georgie Scott, the Misses Geikie, Miss Mason, Messrs. Hood, Holman, Masson, Gus Heward, Gordon Heward, Pringle, Jarvis, Campbell, McKay.

Mrs. Augustus Heward is staying with Mrs. Stephen Heward at her residence, Peter and Wellington streets, and will shortly return to Montreal.

A brilliant and fashionable wedding took place last Tuesday evening in St. Peter's Church, Carlton street east, when Mr. Walter Cecil Lee, second son of Walter S. Lee, general manager of the Western Loan and Savings Company, was united in marriage to Miss Alice Wilmot, second daughter of Mr. Alfred Gooderham. The pretty church was beautifully decorated, and was filled to the doors with the friends of both families and curious womankind, with a few of the sterner sex. The bridesmaids were the Misses Josie and Lulu Gooderham, sisters of the bride, and Miss Edna Lee, sister of the groom. The groom was supported by Messrs. Frederick J. Campbell, H. Wyatt and Harry Pringle. Messrs. Jack Drynan, Archie McKenzie, Forbes Michie and Dr. McDonough were the ushers. The bride was attired in a dress of white faille with pearl embroidered front, with tulle veil fastened with the usual wreath of orange blossoms. Looking very sweet and charming were the bridesmaids, in dresses of brocaded bengaline with Chantilly lace. After the Rev. Archdeacon Boddy had made the pair one, the bridal party and many of the guests repaired to Mr. Gooderham's residence, where a reception was held. Mr. and Mrs. Lee left on a tour to the eastern American cities at midnight.

Mr. C. W. Wagner, U. S. Consul for this city, has tendered his resignation and it has already taken effect. Vice-Consul Chas. Hirschfelder will be in charge of the office until Mr. Wagner's successor is appointed. Mr. Wagner was appointed Consul for Toronto in April, 1885, by President Cleveland. It is understood that it is owing to ill-health that he has been obliged to resign. He will spend some years in South America.

The Wanderers' Bicycle Club opened their new quarters at the corner of Yonge and Alexander street, last Thursday night, with a smoking concert which was very successful in bringing an excellent evening's enjoyment.

Mrs. Arthur Spragge, so well and kindly known in Toronto, contributed to the *Dominion Illustrated* of last week three very charming sketches: A Gentleman's Residence in British Columbia; Distant View of Boundary, British Columbia, from Bow River, near Calgary; and Donald, British Columbia. The article descriptive of the sketches, entitled, Our Wild West Land, is very readable, and is the first of a series. Mrs. Spragge is the first Canadian lady artist who has illustrated her own articles and deserves great credit for her initial attempt. The sketches are really superior to the majority of those which appear in the *Illustrated London News;* moreover they are a voluntary contribution to Canadian literature. Their charming author I believe is well provided with copies which she is selling at her stall in the Kirmess for the benefit of the Babies' home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison of 528 Jarvis street will have a large party on May 10, to celebrate the coming of age of their eldest son.

Steamship Agent Webster tells me of the following passengers who sail this week from New York by the steamships Etruria, Le Bretagne and State of Georgia: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Christie, Mr. R. J. Christie, Mrs. John J. Palmer, Miss Ethel Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ambery, Mr. R. Taylor, Mr. F. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. L. O'Brien, Judge and Mrs. Gowan, Miss Maud Ardagh, Rev. J. M. Snowdon, Rev. C. C. Kemp, Mr. John McClure, Mr. and Mrs. John Squair, Signors G. Paoletti, E. Paoletti, and F. Paoletti.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Postlethwaite celebrated their silver wedding on Wednesday evening by a very interesting gathering of friends at their residence on Wellington place. The genial host and hostess did everything in their power to make all go "merry as a marriage bell," and with the assistance of a splendid supper and music from Marcianno's band, they succeeded most admirably. Among those present were: Miss A. Williams, Miss J. Clark, Miss Minnie Maughan, Miss Carrie Scales, Miss Flora Maughan, Miss Ada Pope, Miss Mary Capreol, Miss Routh, Miss Dyas, Miss Alice Grand, Miss Henderson, Miss Nellie Grand, Miss Ida Greene, Miss Blackwood, Miss Annie Henderson, Miss Amy Greene, Miss Pringle, Miss E. Jones, Miss G. Thompson, Miss Annie Pringle, Mrs. Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. Dyas, Mr. and Mrs W. S. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Bright, Mrs. Wyatt, Capt. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Morson, Mrs. C. B. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. McMurrich, Messrs. Herbert Shaw, A. Williams, H. Maughan, H. Pope, A. R. Capreol, Randolph Routh, H. Greene, E. Thorne, Capt. Manley, H. Wyatt, J. Thompson, H. V. Knight, David Henderson.

Mr. John McClure sailed from New York on Thursday for Ireland, on a visit to his friends at Kilmore, Ardagh County. His many friends in the city will be glad to hear that he intends to return in July.

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Courage.

I was once told of an officer, wounded in our civil war, who, on being taken to hospital, found his leg had got to be cut off. The surgeon offered to give him chloroform or ether, to make him unconscious during the terrible ordeal. But the officer refused it, and asked for a cigar and a newspaper instead. Then lying on a table, propped with pillows, he lit the cigar and calmly read the paper without uttering a groan while the surgeon cut into the flesh of his unfortunate leg and sawed through the bone. This is a true story, and illustrates an extraordinary degree of bravery, both physical and mental.

To prove ourselves courageous, is it necessary that we should be able to endure just this sort of test? I cannot think so. The officer doubtless had very strong nerves, and knew he could rely on them. If you or I have weaker nerves, and know it, we shall not be doing a cowardly thing if we take ether when called upon to undergo a surgical operation. We must understand our powers and limitations, and then do the very best with them. Never make a mere excuse of your nerves. But good judgment must be used as to the circumstances in which you are placed, before putting forth your strength in an act of bravery. To rush into useless danger, or attempt a deed for which our strength is unequal, may be very like trying to lift a hundred pound dumb-bell, when our muscles will sustain only twenty pounds.

As to courage in battle, some men are so made that they hardly know the sensation of fear. Theirs is physical courage, and it gives them a certain advantage. But the experience of most men in warfare, even the valiants, is that they are terribly frightened at first, and want to get away from the fighting. The poet Dante, who certainly had an intrepid mind, fought for his native town, Florence, at the battle of Campaldino, in 1289, just six hundred years ago. He wrote about it, frankly:

"I was present, and felt much fear, but in the end the greatest pleasure from the various changes of the fight." That probably expresses what many gallant soldiers would feel to-day. They compel themselves to win victory, first, over their own fears; and this is courage of the will, or moral courage—the highest kind.

In a book about the siege of Sebastopol by the French and English in 1855, the Russian writer, Leon Tolstoi, who served in the defense, gives vivid sketches of the way in which the Russians behaved under fire. He shows how swaggerers sometimes seemed brave, and how the men who were sweating with dread and terror got credit for coolness and courage, simply because they were afraid to seem afraid. That courage is not of the highest order which depends mainly on what we think others are going to think about us. On the contrary, the bravest man may sometimes impress others as being unduly timid.

One of these Russian officers was a captain in command of a battery at a very dangerous post. A young aide-de-camp goes out to this post on an errand at night, and is in an agony of fear at the shot and shells that come flying toward him. He gains the shelter of a bomb-proof, and then waxing bold again, wants the captain to go out with him and inspect the guns. The captain "had gained a reputation for invincible bravery;" yet he growlingly refuses to go, saying he has just passed the night there. The aid is astonished, and thinks his reputation must be a humbug. But, as the writer says, he "forgot that this man counted six whole months of his life in this bastion. The captain had made a show, had performed courageous deeds, had uselessly risked his life, had received rewards, had established his reputation as a brave officer. Well understanding that he had little chance of escaping death after six months in the bastions, he did not thoughtlessly risk his life, and limited himself to strictly fulfilling his duty." After all, was not the captain's the best and wisest sort of bravery? He could be of more use to his country by foregoing needless risk in that important post, and not throw away his life for nothing. "Discretion is the better part of valor." Yet, again, there are times when it seems to be imperative to throw away a life, by way of example or for the maintenance of duty and discipline; and then you must not flinch. Nor would this captain have flinched.

I once sat on a platform at a public celebration near General Grant. Suddenly, with a loud crash, part of the platform broke, throwing down several people. The orator of the day paused, and there was a good deal of excitement and disturbance. But, although the break came within a foot of General Grant's chair, and almost tilted him over, he never stirred a muscle, and he kept his face fixed toward the orator. Another time, when he was in a train that fell off a bridge into a river, General Grant was found and pulled out of the wreck and the water, with the cigar he had been smoking still firmly held between his shut lips. These are small instances of the same natural "nerve" he showed in battle. Yet Grant himself never evidenced so much and such lofty courage as when, in the face of financial ruin, and dying by inches in terrible agony, he resolutely wrote his memoirs, to provide for his family.

An author and artist, a friend of mine, went as correspondent in the last Russo-Turkish war. He did no fighting, but he showed such gallantry in exposing his life while helping the wounded under sharp fire, that medals were conferred on him as a hero.

One night he awoke and found himself trembling in his tent, from the nervous strain of a heavy bombardment. He forced himself to go outside, and stood there watching the screaming shells of the enemy until the trembling ceased. That was moral courage again. Yet this friend, if challenged to a duel, would probably refuse.

To decline a duel, on principle, is braver than to fight one. Many a time, also, to remain silent under misrepresentation, or take an unpopular course, incurring the misjudgment of friend and foes, requires high courage. Courage must be prudent, yet it must also be generous unto death. It may appear outwardly prosaic and humble, yet its real glory is within the reach of every honest heart.—*Once A Week.*

If a man is wealthy and stubborn he is called conservative. If he is poor and positive he is called pig headed.

About Gloves.

The kid gloves for spring wear reproduce all shades of cloth.

Silk gloves, in all the street and most of the evening shades noted in kid gloves and exquisitely embroidered in silks of the same shade as the glove, have medium long Jersey wrists, which cling closely to the arm and fit perfectly. The most popular style of spring kid gloves are the golden-browns, orange and lovely gray shades, which now rival the tan colors in favor. Among the gray tints are shown silver antique, a shade but a few degrees removed from black, spring sky, a dull, leaden color reflecting silver lights; Russian gray, a mouse shade; acier, or steel color; nun's gray, with a suggestion of cream in it; ashes of roses, a lovely pale, soft dye, and many exquisite and ladylike pearl colors.

Politics vs. Letters.

First Little Girl—My pa is a great councilman, and gives contracts for sewers and things. Everybody has heard of him.

Second Little Girl—My pa is an editorial writer on a great newspaper, and helps to make history. Everybody will hear of him when he dies.

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BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

"O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm!
All records, saving thine, come cool, and calm,
And shadowy, through the mists of passed years"

Harrington Dalbrook, having in a manner given hostages to Fortune, entered upon his new career with a strength of purpose and a resolute industry which took his father by surprise.

"Upon my work, Harry, I did not think there was so much grit in you," said Mr. Dalbrook, "I thought you and your sisters were too much stuffed with modern culture to be capable of old-fashioned work."

"I hope, my dear father, you don't think education and intellect out of place in a lawyer?"

"Far from it. We have had too many examples to the contrary, from Bacon to Brougham, from Hale to Cockburne; but I was afraid of the dilettante spirit, the talk about books which you had cultivated, lest that I, who disappoint'ed by your vacillation about the Church; but I begin to respect you now! find you attack your work in the right spirit."

"I want to get on," answered Harrington gravely, hanging his head a little in shame at his own reticence.

From so kind a father he felt it was a kind of dishonor to keep a secret; but Juliet Baldwin had insisted upon secrecy, and the name of every fiancee in the nearly numerous roll of engagements in She who must be obeyed.

Harrington said not a word, therefore, as to that wondrous prime-mover which was urging him to dogged perseverance in a profession for which he had as yet no real inclination. He put aside Darwin, and Spencer, Max Muller and Seeley, Schopenhauer and Hartmann, and those lights true or false which he had followed through the mazes of free thought; and he set himself to master the stern realities of the law. He had not done well at the university; not because he was wanting in brains, but because he was wanting in concentration and doggedness. The prime mover being of simple, and of a prodigious power, Harrington brought his intellectual forces to bear upon a given point, and made a rapid advance in legal knowledge and acumen. The old cook-housekeeper complained of the coals and candles which Master Harry consumed during his midnight studies, and wondered that the household were not all burnt in their beds by reason of the young gentleman dropping off to sleep over Coke upon Littleton. The sisters complained that they had now practically no brother, since Harrington, who had a pretty tenor voice, and had hitherto been a social companion, and an evening parties, refused to go anywhere, except to those few houses—county—where Miss Baldwin might be met.

Scarcely had the New Year begun when Miss Baldwin went off upon a visit to one of the largest houses in Wiltshire, and one of the smartest, a house under the dominion of a childless widow, gifted with a large income and a sympathetic temperament, a lady who allowed her life to be influenced and directed by a family of nephews and nieces, and whose house was declared by the advanced section of society to be "quite the most perfect house to stay in, don't you know."

Miss Baldwin did not leave the neighborhood of Dorchester and her lover without protestations of regret. The things were hard, a sacrifice on her part, but it must be done. She had promised dear old Lady Burdenshaw ages ago, and to Lady Burdenshaw's she must go.

"You needn't worry about it," she said, with her off-hand air, lolling on the billiard room settee in the grey winter afternoon, on the second Sunday of the year. "I'm sure you are as keen upon being at Medlow Court while I am there, I'll make dear old Lady Burdenshaw send you an invitation.

"You are very good, and I should like staying in the same house with you, but I couldn't think of visiting a lady I don't know, or of cadging for an invitation."

Sir Henry had asked his friend to luncheon, and now, after a somewhat Spartan meal of roast mutton and rice pudding, the children were alone in the billiard room, Sir Henry having crept off to the stables. The table was kept rigorously covered on Sundays, in deference to the Dowager's Sabbatarian leanings; and there was nothing for her son to do in the billiard room, except to walk listlessly up and down and stare at some very dingy examples of the early Italian school, or to take the cues out of the rack one by one to see which of them wanted topping.

"Oh, but you needn't mind. You would be capital friends with Lady B. We all call her Lady B., because a three-syllable name is too much for anybody's patience. I hope you don't ought to drop a syllable. Lady Bur'shaw would do just as well. I suppose though if I were to get an invitation you couldn't be spared from—the shop," concluded Juliet, with a laugh.

"I, I have to stick very close to—the shop," replied Harrington, blushing a little at the word. "Remember what I am working for—a family practice in London and a house that you need not be ashamed to inhabit." To me that means as much as the blue ribbon of the Bath means to a soldier or sailor. My ambition goes no further, unless it were to a seat in Parliament later on."

"You are a good, earnest soul. Yes, of course, you must go into Parliament. In spite of all the riff-raff that has got into the House of late years—boys, Home Rulers, city men—there is a blunt flavor of distinction in the letters M. P. after a man's name. It helps him a little in society to be able to talk about 'my constituents,' and to contemplate European politics from the standpoint of the town that has elected him. Yes, you must be in the House by-and by, Harry."

"You and your sisters were tired of country house visiting," said Harrington, who for the first time since his betrothal felt somewhat inclined to quarrel with his divinity.

"So I am heartily sick of it; and I shall rejoice when I have a snug little house of my own in Clarges or Hertford street. But you must admit that Medlow Court is better than this house. Behold our average Sunday roast mutton—rice pudding—and invincible dulness; alias the servants expect an under-footman going to afternoon church, and no possibility of a cup of tea till nearly six o'clock. A cold dinner at eight, and family prayers at ten."

"What kind of Sunday do you have at Medlow?"

"*It yen a pour tous les gouts*—Medlow is liberal. If we were even to take it into our heads to have family prayers Lady Burdenshaw would send her chaplain—pluck him out of the bosom of his family—and order him to read them. She doesn't like cards on a Sunday, because of the servants; but after the clock has struck eleven we may do what we please—play poker, nap, euchre-baccarat, till daylight, if we are in the humor. The billiard and smoke rooms, and the ball-room are at our end of the house, ever so far from the servants' quarters. We can have what fun we like while those rustic souls are snoring."

Harrington sighed ever so faintly. This picture of a fashionable interior was perfectly innocent, and his betrothed's way of looking at things meant girlish exuberance, fine animal spirits, but the *sans gene* of Medlow Court was hardly the kind of training he would have chosen for his future wife. And then he looked at the Dantesque profile, the piled-up mass of ruddy-brown hair on the top of the haughtily poised head, the perfectly fitting tailor gown, with its elaborate simplicity, costing so much more than plebeian silks and satins; and he told himself that he was privileged in having won such exalted beauty to ally itself with his humble fortunes. Such a girl would shine as a duchess; and if marriageable dukes had eyes to see with, and judgment to guide their choice, that lovely brown head would ere now have been crowned with a tiara of family diamonds instead of waiting for the poor sprigs of nobility who might alone may adorn the brow of the solicitor's bride.

"Shall we go for a stroll in the grounds?" asked Juliet, with a restless yawn, and an impatient shiver. "Perhaps it will be warmer out of doors than it is here. We keep such miserable fires in this house. I believe the grates were chosen with a view to burning the minimum of coal."

"I shall be delighted."

Laura was spending on a visit to Yorkshire cousins, strong minded like herself, and with no pretensions to fashion. Lady Baldwin had retired for her afternoon siesta. On Sundays she always read herself to sleep with Taylor or South; on week days she nodded over the morning paper. She had gone to the drawing room with the idea that Henry would take his friend to the stables, and that Adela would require no looking after. But Harrington never entered into her ladyship's head that her handsome daughter would look so low as the son of her family solicitor. Adela was therefore free to do what she pleased with her afternoon, and her pleasure was to walk in the chilly shrubberies, and the bare grey park, sparsely timbered, and with about as little potential beauty as a gentleman's park can possess.

She put on an old sealskin jacket and a toque to match, and joined her lover in the room where her brother kept his overcoats, and which smelt of tobacco, after the manner of everything that came within Sir Henry's influence. And then she led the way to a little side door, which opened on a grass plot at the side of the house, and she and her lover went out.

"Now, Harrington, I'm ready," she said. "You know I don't mind. I'll have a cigarette with you in the shrubbery.

"Dear Juliet, I can't tell you how glad I should be if you would smoke—less," he said nervously, blushing at his own earnestness.

"You think I smoke too many cigarettes—that they are really bad for me?" she asked carelessly.

"It isn't that. I wasn't thinking about their effect on your health—but I know you will call it old-fashioned nonsense—I can't bear to see the woman who is to be my wife with a cigarette between her lips."

"And when I am your wife, I suppose, you will cut me off from tobacco altogether."

"I should never be a domestic tyrant, Juliet, but I would wish you to see my wife smoke, just as much as it wounds me now when I see you smoke half-a-dozen cigarettes in succession.

"I am fondest of you every day I live, Harry! Well, you shall not be tortured. I'll ease off the smoking if I can—but a whiff or two of an Egyptian soothes me when my nerves are overtrained. And as bad as you think it, there is an innocent little cigarette can so shock you. I wonder if you are really fond of me, now the novelty of our engagement has worn off?"

"I am fondest of you every day I live."

"Enthusiastic boy! If that is true you may be able to stand a worse shocker than my poor little cigarette."

Harrington turned pale, but he took the hand which she held out to him, and grasped it firmly. "What was she going to tell him?

"Harry, I want to make a financial statement. I want you to help me if you can. I am up to my eyes in debt."

"In debt?"

"Yes. It sounds bad, doesn't it? Debt and tobacco should be exclusively masculine vices. I owe money all round the large summer, the sum total is large. I have had to hold my own in smart houses upon an allowance which some women would spend with their shoemaker alone. My mother gives me a hundred and twenty-five pounds a year for everything, tips, traveling expenses, clothes, music—and I am not going to say anything unkind about her on that score for I don't see how she could give me more. Her own means come to something like eighteen hundred a year, and she has this place to keep up. Henry takes all the rents, and often keeps her waiting for her income, which is a first charge upon the estate. I'll were not for your father, who looks after her interests as sharply as he can, she might fare much worse. Henry brings as many men to his house here, and contributes nothing to the housekeeping."

"And you owe money to milliners and people?" said Harrington, deeply distressed by his sweetheart's humiliation, which he felt more keenly than the lady herself.

Juliet had lived among girls who talked freely of their debts and difficulties, of sops to Cerberus, and schemes for the liquidation of dressmaker. Harrington's lines had been set among old-fashioned countried people, to whom debt—and especially feminine unlebtedness—meant disgrace. He had come back from the university feeling like a murderer, because he had exceeded his allowance.

"Milliners, dressmakers, shoemakers, hatters—and ever so many more. I am afraid I have been rather reckless—only—I thought—

"I thought I should make a great match," she would have said, had she followed her idea to its close, but she checked herself abruptly, and cut off a *spirit of yew with a swing of the stick* instead.

"If I can help you in any way—" began Harrington.

"My dear boy, there is only one way in which you can help me. Lend me any money you can spare, say fifty pounds, and I will give it back in three instalments of ten or fifteen pounds a quarter. It would be mockery for me to pretend I could pay you in a lump sum, now I have told you the extent of my income."

"Unfortunately I have not at this moment was something under fifty pounds. His father had given him a check for fifty on Christmas Eve, and he had spent it to give a present more till Lady Day; while he had to think of the black horse who was steadily eating his head off at livery, and for whom nothing had been paid as yet.

He could not find it in his heart to tell his affianced that he was, comparatively speaking, a pauper, and that his father had the reputation of wealth, a man always ready to invest in any odd parcel of land that was in the market, and who was known to possess a good many small holdings and houses in his native town and its neighborhood. Could he tell her that her future husband was still in leading strings, and that the most he had ever had of pounds a quarter were all he could count upon till he was out of his articles? No, he would rather perish than reveal these despicable facts; so, although he had only forty-three pounds odd in his little cash-box, he told her that he would let her have fifty pounds in a day or two.

"If you could manage to bring it me to morrow I should be very glad," said Juliet, who, once having broken the ice, talked about the loan with perfect ease and frankness. "I must have a new frock for the ball at Medlow. They are to have a ball on the first of February, the ball of the year. There will be no end of smart people. I promised Estelle Dawson thirty, or five or forty pounds, about half the amount of her last bill. It's a paltry business altogether. I know people who owe their dressmakers hundreds where I owe tens. Let me have it tomorrow if you can, there's a dear. Miss Dawson will be full of work for the next year at this season, and she won't make my frock unless I give her a week's notice."

"Of course, dear, yes, you shall have the money," Harrington answered nervously; "but your white gown at our ball looked lovely. Why shouldn't you wear that at Medlow?"

"My white gown was made for the described as black," retorted the young lady with marked acidity. "If I didn't hate the Dorchester people like poison I would make Miss Dawson hem by wearing such a rag. I would no more appear in it at Medlow than I would cut my throat."

Language so strong as this forbade argument. Harrington concluded that there was a mystery in these things outside the limits of masculine understanding. To rise in the white satin and tulle his betrothed had worn had seemed faultless; but it may be that the glamour of the ball room lent a charm to a soiled white garment; and no doubt Miss Baldwin's gown had done good service.

He walked back to the house with her, and left her at the door just as it was growing dusk, and the servants were coming home from church. He left her with a fictitious appearance of business, promising to go to tea on the following afternoon.

He was glad of the three mile walk to Dorchester, which was a sufficient plea for deliberation. At home the keen eyes of his sisters would be upon him, and he would be pestered by inquiries as to what there had been for luncheon, and Miss Baldwin's—while the still more penetrating gaze of his father would be quick to perceive anything amiss.

"Oh, Juliet, if you knew how hard you are making our engagement to me," he ejaculated mentally, as he walked, with the unconscious hurry of an agitated mind, along the frost bound road. There had been a hard frost since Christmas, and hunting had been out of the question, whereby the existence of Mahmud, the little bay horse in the livery stable seemed so much the heavier a burden.

Somehow or other he must get the difference between three pounds and fifty, only seven pounds, a paltry sum, no doubt; but it would hardly do for him to leave himself penniless until the 25th of March. He might be called on any moment for small sums. Short of shamming illness and stopping in bed till the end of the quarter, he could not possibly escape the daily calls which every young man has upon his purse. He told himself, therefore that he must contrive to borrow fifteen or twenty pounds—but of whom? That was the question.

His first thought was naturally of his brother—but in the next moment he remembered how Theodore had made financial arrangements with his father had insisted upon cutting himself down to the very lowest possible allowance.

"You will pay all my fees, Dad, and give me enough money to furnish my chambers decently, with the help of the things I am to have out of this house, and you will allow me no more," he said, smiling at his father's sum, "for maintenance till I begin to get briefs, want to feel the spur of poverty. I want to work for my living. Of course, I know I have to a court of appeal here if my exchequer should run dry.

Remembering this, Harrington felt that he could not, at the very beginning of things, pester his brother for a loan. The same court of appeal, the father's well-filled purse, was open to him, but he had no excuse to offer, no reason to give, for exceeding his allowance.

He might sell Mahmud, if there were not two obstacles in the transaction. The first that nobody in the neighborhood wanted to buy him, the second that he was not yet paid for, except by that bill which rose like a pale blue spectre in the young man's eyes as he tossed or dropping off to sleep of a night, and sometimes spoiled his rest. He would have to sell Mahmud in order not to dishonor that bill, and if the horse should fetch considerably less than the price given for him, as all equine experience with the owner to fear, whence was to come the difference? This was a problem which he would have to be solved somehow before the tenth of February. He would have to send the beast to Tattersall's, most likely, the necessity of disposing of the hunting field having taught him that nobody ever sells a horse among his own circle. He saw himself realizing something under fifty pounds as the price of the black, and having to bridge over the distance between that amount and eighty, as best he might. But February was to-morrow, and he had to find all that provide for to-morrow; a mere trifle, but it would have to be borrowed, and the sensation of borrowing was new to Mather Dalbrook's son. He had frittered away his ready money at the University, and he had got into debt; but he had never borrowed money of Jew or Gentile. And now the time had come when he must borrow of whomsoever he could.

He took tea with his sisters in the good, homely old-fashioned drawing-room, which was low in winter; the blinds drawn, the bay windows closely curtained, a roaring fire in the wide iron grate, and a modern Japanese tea table before him in front of it. The cold tea was of a more substantial order on Sundays than on week days, on account of the nine o'clock dinner, which took place after the seven o'clock dinner, and accommodated those who cared to attend evening church. Lady Baldwin's Spartan luncheon had not indisposed her good son for a substantial tea. Nothing in the glow of the fire Harrington forgot his troubles, enjoyed his tea, and maintained a very fair appearance of cheerfulness while his sisters questioned and his father put in an occasional word.

"I'm afraid you are getting rather too friendly in the Mount," said Matthew Dalbrook. "I don't like Sir Henry Baldwin, and I don't think he's an advantageous friend for you.

"Oh, but we're old chums," said Harrington blushing a little; "we were at Oxford together, you know.

"I'm afraid we both know it, *Harry, and to our cost*," replied his father. "You might have succeeded in your infinity exam. If it hadn't been for this fine gentleman friend of yours."

"I'm not sorry I failed, father. The law suits me more so much better than the Church.

"As long as you stick to that opinion I'm satisfied. Only don't go to the Mount too often, and don't let the handsome Miss Baldwin make a fool of you."

If it had not been for the colored shades over the lamps, which were so artistic as to be useless for sewing purposes, Harrington might have been seen to turn pale.

"No fear of that," Sophia exclaimed contemptuously. "Juliet Baldwin is too likely to give a provincial solicitor any encouragement. She's a girl who expects to marry for position, and high she is just a shade *passee* she may make a good match even yet. She comes of a family because she likes us, but she's a thorough woman of the world, and you needn't be afraid of her running after Harry."

Harrington grew as red as a peony with suppressed indignation.

"Perhaps the Baldwins are my friends you might be able to get on without talking any more about them," he said, scowling at his elder sister. "I've told you what we had for lunch, and how many servants were in the room, and what kind of gown Juliet—Miss Baldwin—was wearing. Don't you think we've had enough of them for to-night?"

"Quite enough, Harry, quite enough," said the father. "By-the-by did you read the *Times* leader on Gladstone's last manifesto? And where are the *Field* and the *Observer*? Bring me over a lamp that I can see by, Sophy, my dear. Those new-fangled lamp shades of yours suggest one of Orchardson's pictures, but they don't help me to read my paper."

"They're the beastliest things I ever saw," said Harrington, indirectively.

"I'm sorry you don't like them," said Janet. "It was Juliet Baldwin who persuaded us to buy them. She had seen some like them at Medlow Court, and she raved about them."

Harrington went out of the room without another word. How odious his sisters had become! How full of work for the world they had pegarded him as an oracle, and he had found even sisterly appreciation pleasant.

It was some time since he had attended evening service, but on this particular evening he went alone, not troubling to invite his sisters, who were subject to an intermittent form of neuralgia which often simpedited their going to church in the evening. To night he avoided St. Peter's, in which his father had seats, and went to the commodious church of Fordington, where he had a pew all to himself on this frosty winter night, except for one well-behaved worshipper in the person of his father's old and confidential clerk. Jonathan Hayfield, a constant church-goer, who was punctual at every evening service, whatever the weather. Harrington had expected to see his father.

Hayfield sat modestly aloof at the further end of the pew, but when the service was over he came up to his master's side, and drew close upon the heels of the grey-headed clerk, with shoulders bent by long years of desk work, and respectable dark blue Chesterfield overcoat with velvet collar.

"How do you do, Hayfield? Isn't this rather a sharp night for you to venture out in?" said Harrington, as they left the church together.

"I'm a hardy old plant, I thank you, Mr. Harrington. It would take severer weather than this to keep me away from the evening service. I'm very fond of the evening service, A fine sermon, sir, a fine, awakening sermon."

"Magnificent, capital," exclaimed Harrington, who had hardly heard two consecutive sentences, and whose mind had been engaged upon arithmetical problems of the most unpleasant kind. "It is uncommonly good though," he added, shivering. "I'll walk round your way. It will be a little longer for me."

"You're very good, Mr. Harrington, very good indeed," said the old clerk, evidently touched by this unusual condescension. Never till to-night had Harrington been offered to walk home from church with him.

The old man's gratitude was more than Harrington could stand. He felt that he was credit for kindly condescension, when he knew himself intent upon his own selfish ends.

"I'm afraid I'm not altogether disinterested in walking your company to-night, Hayfield," he blurted out. "The fact is, I want to ask a favor of you."

"Anyt'ing may take it as granted, Mr. Harrington," answered the clerk cheerily, "provided the granting of it lies within my power."

"Well, it's not a tremendous affair—in point of fact, it's only a small matter. I'm exceeding my allowance a little this quarter, but I intend to pull up next quarter; and it will be a great convenience to me if you meantime if you'll lend me ten or fifteen pounds."

It was out at last. He had no idea until he uttered the words all my fees, Dad, and give me enough money to furnish my chambers decently, with the help of the things I am to have out of this house, and you will allow me no more," he said, smiling at his father's sum, "for maintenance till I begin to get briefs, want to feel the spur of poverty. I want to work for my living. Of course, I know I have to a court of appeal here if my exchequer should run dry.

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Equal to the Occasion.

When Lord Liverpool was forming his Ministry in 1822 he thought it absolutely necessary to have Canning at the Foreign Office, although aware that the appointment would be obnoxious to George IV. The Prince Regent and Wellington broke the unpleasant task of communicating Lord Liverpool's determination, and went to Brighton for that purpose. As soon as the King knew what was wanted of him he broke out:

"Arthur, it is impossible! I said, on my honor as a gentleman, he should never be one of my ministers again. I can never go through with me that I cannot do what I said on my honor as a gentleman I would not do."

"Another thing you would have been silenced; but the great soldier, always equal to an emergency, replied—

"Pardon me, sir, but I don't agree with you at all. Your Majesty is not a gentleman."

The bold assertion startled the King; but the Duke went on—

"Your Majesty is not a gentleman, but the Sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself; and these duties render it imperative that you should employ the abilities of Mr. Canning."

"Well, Arthur," said the King, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must."

Although he did not like being told he was not a gentleman, George IV. had once, at least, while Regent, forgotten he was one. This was the time he flung a glass of wine in Colonel Hamlyn's face, with—

"Hamlyn, you are a blackguard!"

Hamlyn quietly replied—"I can return the compliment without committing something like *treason*. It was out of the question to challenge the Prince! while to let the insult pass unnoticed was equally impossible. The Colonel filled his glass and threw the contents in the face of his neighbor, saying—

"His Royal Highness! Here's—pass it on!"

"Hamlyn," cried the Regent, "you're a capital fellow! Here's your health."

And they were fast friends from that evening.

Professional Courtesies.

Actor (in country town)—I hope you won't object to announcing in your paper that this will probably be the last chance to see me outside of the great cities, as I have received an offer from the Gotham Theater for next season at $500 a week.

Editor—I'll print it with pleasure. And, by the way, please announce from the stage that now is the time to subscribe for the Pumpkinville *Trumpet*, as I have an offer of $5,000 a week to run the London *Times*.

Richman Penniless.

Returned Traveler—Mr. Richman could draw his check for a million when I left. How much money has he by this time?

Old friend—He hasn't any.

"Eh? Wha—Did he fail?"

"No; he died."

At Table D'Hote.

She—Don't you eat this course?

He—Oh, yes, I'm very fond of it; but I'm saving this course to go with the next, so as to have a mouthful.

The Little Angels.

"Something must be done, and done at once! But what? How?"

Mrs. Ringgold's face would have testified to any beholder, had there been one near, that her perplexity was great, her anxiety deep. She was a widow, past forty, looking even younger, of the plump and pretty style, and her case was certainly a hard one.

Four years before she had come to Newtown Hollow to keep house for Randolph Gardiner, whose bachelor establishment had met with a serious loss in the death of an old housekeeper, who had been Master Randolph's nurse when he was in long clothes, some fifty years previous.

He was a handsome man, of most refined tastes, a close student, and a collector of rare and valuable works of art of every age and every clime. His drawing-room was a perfect museum of gems; tiny tables supporting delicate china, exquisite statuettes, and specimens of rare workmanship in precious clays and metals.

He had groaned in spirit when Mrs. Ringgold was expected. But she was the widow of an old friend, and without means of support, and was urged upon his notice by several disinterested friends.

But when she came he acknowledged that an added sunshine illuminated his beautiful home. She was a lady, a companion for his meal-times and leisure hours, whereas his old nurse never ventured beyond the kitchen, excepting to clear up the rest of the house.

Mrs. Ringgold was judicious. She made the hours when she granted her society altogether charming, but she was sparing of them. She kept the house in perfect order; she insisted upon the perfection of cooking in her cook; the nicest of order in her chambermaid, and she added a grace to all she touched with her own slender hands. She played and sang at judicious times, carefully avoiding any risk of jarring upon a student's preoccupation.

And Randolph Gardiner was keenly appreciative, most courteous, and gradually waking to the fact that a bachelor's life was a wasted existence, when the pretty widow found the rousing of his mind was threatening other results than the ones she proposed.

Without being unwomanly or forward, she had become honestly attached to her courteous employer, and her dismay was great when a newcomer at Newtown Hollow attracted Mr. Gardiner's admiring attention.

Mrs. Yarnall was a widow likewise; one past the period even of half-mourning; a coquettish little blonde, and the mother of two angels, or so she said, and Mr. Gardiner echoed. It was his enthusiastic remarks upon Herbert's beauty and Maud's loveliness that first awakened Mrs. Ringgold's suspicions, and she watched him.

Matters looked ominous. The Gardiner hothouse was despoiled of its choicest blossoms to fill baskets for Mrs. Yarnall. The toy shops were ransacked to find offerings for the angels, and once Mr. Gardiner expressed his opinion that a large, empty room in the attic would make a splendid play room.

It was after hearing this that Mrs. Ringgold, in the privacy of her own apartment, puckered her lips, knit her brow, and said aloud:

"Something must be done, and done at once! But what? How?"

It was early in the morning, and Mr. Gardiner had gone to the city, as he was in the habit of going about once a week. Suddenly Mrs. Ringgold exclaimed:

"It is Wednesday! I have it! I'll go now!"

Wednesday was a day set apart in Mrs. Yarnall's week for a pilgrimage to her father-in-law's alone. He was a gouty old gentleman, who had a comfortable little fortune, which he had announced his intention of leaving to the "angels" Herbert and Maud. But, being an invalid, and a bad-tempered one, he insisted upon his son's wife leaving her children at home when she came to visit him.

Mrs. Ringgold was aware of this fact, and she hastily attired herself in a walking-dress, and went to her rival's house.

"Out!" she said, in well affected surprise, when the confidential servant opened Mrs. Yarnall's door. "I am so very sorry, Mr. Gardiner wishes so much to have the dear children to spend the day with us. Could you not strain a point and let them come? Mr. Gardiner will be so disappointed if I return alone."

The woman hesitated. She knew well that Mrs. Yarnall would not give offence to Mr. Gardiner, and that the old bachelor had certainly been most devoted to the children. Never had there been such profusion of dolls, dresses and candies in the nursery as there had been since Mrs. Yarnall took a cottage for a summer at Newtown Hollow. And the children were good children for their ages—six and five. Surely there could be no harm in allowing them a pleasant day in Mr. Gardiner's beautiful garden and house.

So, arrayed in their best, Herbert and Maud, with many charges to be good children, were entrusted to Mrs. Ringgold's care, and never were children more kindly treated. They were allowed to visit the hothouse and take their choice of its blossoms, Maud selecting a valuable specimen of a California plant. Mrs. Ringgold was anxiously watching, and dressing her pretty golden curls with a bold ivy leaf and the flowers, stuck into her rough comb by Herbert, who had a tiny button-hole bouquet of a white moss rose, another pet of the old bachelor.

But Mrs. Ringgold was very busy, and in about an hour, giving each of the children a slice of bread and jam, she left them in the drawing-room, saying:

"Now, my darlings, amuse yourselves a little while, till Mr. Gardiner comes. I am sure he will bring you something beautiful from the city."

So the little darlings started upon a tour of investigation in the most enchanting toy shop they had ever seen. The Chinese chessmen, that Mr. Gardiner's brother had had manufactured in Canton for a Christmas gift, were their first attraction. Maud cried a little when the Red Queen rolled down the furnace register, but Herbert told her there were plenty more left, and she was soon consoled. She had another grief when the "booful baby," an exquisite marble Cupid Mr. Gardiner had brought from Italy, proved too heavy for her chubby hands, and, falling upon the hearth, parted company with one arm and both wings, but a photograph album of works of art of great costliness consoled her again.

Herbert, being older, more active, and of an investigating turn of mind, was restlessly wandering from treasure to treasure, his sticky little fingers overhauling the books, upsetting the tiny tables, finding out the contents of the beautiful Japanese cabinets, and enjoying his visit to the utmost, when Maud, with a shrill cry, sprang up.

"Misses Dardiner wiv pitty stings!"

Mr. Gardiner opened his drawing-room door. While his eyes wildly roved over such a scene of confusion as his wildest nightmare had never imagined, his lavender colored pantaloons were grasped by four hands well smeared with jam, while two shrill voices screamed:

"Pretty things! Give us our pretty things!"

A cry of horror, a loud call of her name, brought Mrs. Ringgold to the rescue.

"Take away these little demons!" he cried. "Look at the room! Who dared have children here!"

"Why, Mr. Gardiner!" cried Mrs. Ringgold, as the children, terrified at the angry voice, ran to her for protection, "they are Mrs. Yarnall's angels."

"Oh!" as if a little ashamed.

"I thought it would please you to have the darlings here. You seemed so very fond of them!"

"Oh!" again; and presently: "Yes, yes! Well, take them away now, please, and wash them. I never saw them so disgustingly dirty! And what has Maud got in her hair!"

There was no need of answer. Too well he recognized the gem of the hot-house, and Mrs. Ringgold was satisfied to take the children to the chambermaid and turn them over to her to be made presentable at the dinner table.

Returning to the drawing-room, she found Mr. Gardiner with a face that might have moved a heart of stone, trying to bring order out of the chaos there.

"Dear! dear!" the widow said, moving deftly about, and restoring things rapidly to some resemblance of their former selves, "what a sad mess the little angels have made! But you know, Mr. Gardiner, children will be children. They are so good I thought I might trust them out of sight five minutes. I am sure," very pathetically, "I thought it would please you if I tried to make them feel at home here."

Her eyes were very lovely, brown and soft, and Mr. Gardiner was touched to see them suffused with unshed tears. She was most unlike Mrs. Yarnall, softer, sweeter, far less brilliant, but with a gentle modesty all her own, and—this thought came for the first time—she had no children.

"Don't cry!" Mr. Gardiner said, hastily. "I am sure you meant well, and, as you say, children must be children."

"They do not appreciate works of art and——"

Here a duet of screams was heard from the garden. Mr. Gardiner rushed to the window, to see Maud sitting in his bed of choice carnations half buried, half drowned under the ruins of the aquarial aviary Herbert had just upset. The fish were dying all over the child, while she shrieked with terror as they squirmed, cold and slimy, down her neck and arms. The birds were flying away in all directions; one vicious cockatoo perched upon Herbert's head, flapping his wings in the boy's face.

"You will have to make these things less fragile when the darlings come to live here," Mrs. Ringgold said, tranquilly, as she stepped from the window to the porch to lift and console Maud.

Dinner opened Mr. Gardiner's eyes somewhat further regarding the angels. They were not more rude or ill-behaved than the generality of children, but it shocked his fastidious tastes to see Maud's face smeared with gravy, and Herbert's tumbler of water upset on the table-cloth.

Mrs. Ringgold's patience was inexhaustible, and her temper serenity itself, until she sent the children safely home with the coachman, thanking dear Mrs. Yarnall for having lent them for such a delightful day.

And Mrs. Yarnall could find no fault, for the children were enthusiastic in their description of their delights, and bore home a basket of choicest fruit and confectionery. But the next day there was a rumor in Newtown Hollow that Mr. Randolph Gardiner was going to marry his housekeeper, and the rumor gained ground every day.

Mr. Gardiner still called occasionally upon Mrs. Yarnall, and brought always a package of candies for the children, but he ceased to mention Herbert and Maud in his own house as angels.

And Mrs. Ringgold was as warm a friend as ever to Mrs. Yarnall, even consulting her with regard to leaving off her becoming half-mourning, and sending her a special invitation to the wedding.

But to no living soul did Mrs. Gardiner ever confide the secret of that solitary reverie upon the morning of that July day when the "angels" came to visit her, and upon the evening of which Mr. Gardiner asked her to be his wife.

A Bill Nye Story.

"I'll tell you a story on Bill Nye," said a gentleman just back from the east to a Chicago *News* reporter.

"Bill had arrived in New York from the west, where he had gathered in $1,000 royalty off some of his alleged work. A thousand dollars to Mr. Nye doesn't go very far, so I am told. He began planning how he could get rid of it in New York. He took his meals at Delmonico's, and spent more money in various ways, but it never occurred to him to spend anything on his back. Nye is a slovenly dresser. There came a time when he had to go to bed. It was late and he was tired. He found himself in the vicinity of the Everett house and walked in. He asked for a room. The clerk replied that the house was full. Whether he did this because he suspected Nye of being a nihilist or tramp, or whether the house was really full, I don't know. Nye insisted. 'Haven't you anything at all? I don't care much what it is so that it has a bed in it,' pleaded Nye.

"The clerk said there was one small vacant room on the fifth floor.

"Nye said that would do.

"The clerk, still suspicious, said the elevator was not running.

"Nye said he didn't care for that. He could climb.

"The clerk had one more show to turn him out. He sprung it: 'You will have to pay in advance,' he said.

"Nye said that was all right, and was told in reply to his question that the tariff would be $2.50.

"Nye reached for a roll and threw out a $100 bill. The clerk stammered, seeing that he had made the mistake so often fatal in this country. Then he said he had no change. Nye pulled back the $100 bill and threw out a fifty. The clerk managed to break that one, and as he did so the lines of good nature expanded all over his face and tickled the roots of his hair. He had been entertaining an angel unawares. Nye gazed at this auroral display of humor on the clerk's face, and said:

"'You remind me of Clay.'

"The display of vanity and good nature on the clerk's front would have been worth a good price as an attraction in a window at that moment.

Love in the Drama.

In looking at that beautiful boy, Tommy Russell, in Lord Fauntleroy, I was freshly struck with the primacy and potency of Love as a factor in play-making.

In some respects Lord Fauntleroy is one of the sweetest and most beautiful triumphs of literary skill and divine ethics that the stage of the nineteenth century has seen.

Ingomar does not compare with it as a serene and efficacious example of the potency of pure affection.

To make a child the exemplar of this unsolled affection and show through his childishness the puissance of gentleness and bravery was a noble and happy thought, and to be able to hold the rudest men and the giddiest women, night after night, with the juvenile cadences of this little story is a triumph of peace and good will indeed.

Only debauched natures call it goody-goody. Only those creatures in whom the bloom of pristine betterness has been utterly worn away, fail to feel the deep down responses to the boy-choir singing in the clear morning of life as that tale is pleasantly unfolded.

It is to these elemental voices in plays that we return to refresh ourselves and renew our faith in humanity. The voice that speaks through them to us personally is the voice of our good angel.

And it is always calling us back to the simple, the pure and the imperishable.

My observation of plays leads me to the conclusion that whenever, and wherever, this efficacy of a pure love, whether it be in child or adult, man or woman, is shown overcoming, triumphing in its own right with gentleness and lifted clean above passion, it has caught the hearts of the observers.

One of the simplest distinctions between a playwright and a dramatist is this, that a playwright confuses love with passion, and a dramatist doesn't.—*Nym Crinkle.*

Tempered Bliss.

Col. Gourker—It seems too good to be true. How did you come to accept an old fellow like me?

Miss Ingenue—Well, you see, colonel, mamma was beginning to act so silly and girlish over you that I had to step in to prevent losing her.

Feline Frenzy.

Bashful Lover—Oh! Miss Geraldine, what would you do if I gave you a kiss?

Miss Geraldine—I . . . Well, if you made it last seventeen minutes I might, perhaps, return it for an hour or so.

They compromise, and the tom cat rises from the hearth-rug and goes forth into the cold entry to wail away his woe.

Is Ague Contagious.

Jiggson—Where could I have got this ague, do you suppose?

Figgson—From that girl you were so fond of.

Jiggson—Nonsense!

Figgson—Why, of course. Didn't you tell me yourself she gave you the shake?

Conquered.

She (after a lovers' quarrel)—I suppose you want your presents back.

He—Ah, no; keep them. If any of the other fellows ask about the presents, I'll explain that they were fully paid for in hugs and kisses.

She (on second thought)—My dear, suppose we forget we have quarrelled, and begin over again.

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"Because there is a man in the moon."—*N. Y. Life.*

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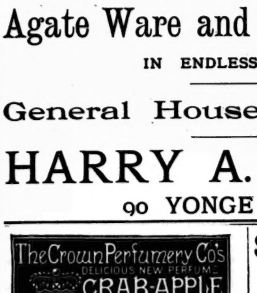

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Bores.

Nothing tends to mar the pleasures of social intercourse more than the prevalence of the tactless and inconsiderate class of conversationalists known as bores. As the farmers say, "the woods are full of 'em." Few indeed are the assemblages, however, exclusive where the bore does not manage to spoil much of the profit and satisfaction of the occasion by his persistent endeavors, if not exactly to monopolize the talk, to take at all events a leading share in it. Usually he—or she—is a fussy, conceited person whose brain is not large enough to hold more than one idea at a time. Supposing that everybody is or ought to be interested mainly in his concerns or his particular hobby, he makes no scruple of breaking into the most interesting conversation by telling of some utterly trivial occurrence which happened to him, or asking your opinion of this or that matter entirely foreign to the subject in hand. Let him but once get his head upon his favorite topic, whether it be the authorship of Shakespeare's plays or French domination, and he will prose away by the hour—giving vent to the merest commonplaces which have been better said a hundred times before, with an air of supreme self-consequence. The bore has no regard for the feelings of others—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he is so wrapped up in conceit and a sense of his own importance that the possibility that any one should prefer listening to anyone else or discussing some other subject never occurs to him. It is very easy for any enthusiastic and heedless person engrossed by a fad, no matter of what nature, to degenerate into a bore. Devotion to a cause, if sincere and unselfish, will excuse a great deal and it is hardly just to judge an enthusiast strictly by conventional rules. Nevertheless people ought to beware of this tendency and shun inflicting themselves and their theories upon hearers whom courtesy alone restrains from telling them that they are making a nuisance of themselves.

Keeping Up Appearances.

What a vast amount of embarrassment, misery and positive crime has been caused by the supposed necessity of keeping up appearances in society! The phrase, "Better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," was, no doubt, originally coined as a sarcasm; but it is surprising how many otherwise intelligent and clearheaded people act as though they thoroughly believed it. Come what may they must keep up with the procession as long as possible. Their books may show that insolvency is imminent, and that only the closest economy can avert a crash. But a retrenchment in household expenses is the last thing they think about. To postpone indefinitely the projected ball, to substitute a few weeks in Muskoka, for the promised trip to Europe, to give up the carriage and pair and use the humble and democratic street car is not to be thought of for an instant. What would society say? Appearances must be kept up at all hazards to avoid the danger of losing caste and the sneering, malicious tattle of busybodies who might say unpleasant things if the common sense plan of cutting the coat according to the cloth were resorted to. So women go on scraping and straining and resorting to a thousand petty shifts and meannesses in those matters which do not catch the public eye—such as their dealings with poor seamstresses and servant girls, for instance—in order to maintain a lavish ostentation in the matter of entertainments and equipage, while their husbands resing, to all manner of tricky and dishonorable schemes to raise money to avoid meeting their just obligations. Supposed social necessities are probably the cause of more forgeries, bankruptcies and defalcations than even drink or gambling. Men who cannot keep their heads above water continue to squander their means in display and luxurious living simply because their "set" are extravagant in their expenditures. They have not the moral courage to say at once "I can't afford it," and cut down their outlay—even at the risk of being cut by some of their acquaintances who possess more money than brains. When it is too late and the final crash comes those who have strained every nerve to hang on to the ragged edge of moneyed exclusiveness very soon realize how little such friendships are worth. Those who condemn them most unsparingly are usually the ones whose example and influence have led them to make expenditures beyond their means.

The man or woman who works deliberately accomplishes the most. The deliberate worker is the thoughtful worker, with whom the habit of system and regularity has become second nature. Any one may cultivate it who will take the trouble to try—no great effort is required; and the most unsystematic worker will realize with amazement how easy it is to get through an allotted task in half the time it formerly required, by planning it all out before entering the office, workshop or kitchen.

Singularity almost always make enemies; it is usually credited with affectation. Carlyle says, "Affectation is often singularity, but singularity is not always affectation." Greatness of mind shows itself daily in behavior—"its ways are ways of pleasantness."

Music.

Last week was a poor one as far as concerts are concerned, if we except the sacred and quasi-sacred concerts that adorned Holy week. Of these the best was that of Elm street Methodist Church on April 17, which went far to show what energy and good judgment can do in the way of providing soloists and training a choir to an extent that makes its own forces sufficient for a good concert. The other good ones were those of the Central Methodist and Trinity Methodist Churches on Good Friday evening. The music for Easter Sunday, on the other hand, was excellent throughout the city in both design and performance. The programmes were made public by SATURDAY NIGHT last week, and I have made diligent inquiry since Sunday, with the unvarying result that I must arrive at the conclusion that, generally speaking, we have never had better festival music in Toronto than we had on Easter Sunday.

*

When you look about you, among the choirs, you will find that there is now very little of the perfunctory attention to choir duties that obtained a few years ago. The choirs have drifted into the hands of the singing people to a great extent, rather than into the hands of the organists, and somehow the songsters seem to have more energy than the instrumentalists, besides which there is a jealousy or rivalry which keeps each on his mettle, and there is little of the "Come day, go day, God send Sunday!" style that we used to have a few years ago. With all this, it is not only the chorus singing that has improved, but there is also improvement visible in the character of the voices themselves, though in this respect the men are a little behind yet. But it is in the character of the music sung that a great improvement is also noticeable. I was looking over a list of the Easter music in the principal churches of New York, and I find that some churches with a continental reputation for their singing, simply sang twaddle compared with the music that was rendered in Toronto.

*

As far as Episcopal churches in the States are concerned, very few of the men who are responsible for their music, really understand the beauty of this musical service, and you generally find that the exceptions are English-men living in the States who are organists or choirmasters of such churches. The general American idea of church music is about as weak as the general American idea of ballad music. This is a strange anomaly in a country that supports a grand opera, and several orchestras whose work covers only the ultra classical and the extreme Wagnerian. This idea emphasizes another difference between us and the people south of us. While they absorb their musical coloring from all kinds of sources, we obtain ours very largely from the choirs as a first step, and I believe that to-day we have a healthier musical taste, generally speaking, than our neighbors have.

*

Mr. Arthur Dorey has gone to St. Thomas, and his place at St. Luke's will be filled by Mr. G. H. Fairclough, the clever young organist of the Church of the Redeemer. I have heard a rumor that Mr. Henry Jacobsen will settle in Toronto, and that a string quintette will then be organized, composed of Messrs. Jacobsen, Bayley, Clark, Martens and Corell, but so far I have not been able to verify the report. Should it be true, it will be another move in advance; but I am afraid that with all these new applicants for public favor the financial matters of the various societies and combinations will suffer to some extent. The continual free concerts given by the Conservatory and College are sufficiently strong food for many people, and are enough to provide them with the musical excitement they require, and such people go no further, and our general concert business suffers. I rather fancy that this is a result hardly foreseen by the conductors of the respective institutions, connected with the latter both are wide enough to say unpleasant things if the common sense plan of cutting the coat according to the cloth were resorted to. So women go on scraping and straining and resorting to a thousand petty shifts and meannesses in those matters which do not catch the public eye—such as their dealings with poor seamstresses and servant girls, for instance—in order to maintain a lavish ostentation in the matter of entertainments and equipage, while their husbands resing, to all manner of tricky and dishonorable schemes to raise money to avoid meeting their just obligations. Supposed social necessities are probably the cause of more forgeries, bankruptcies and defalcations than even drink or gambling. Men who cannot keep their heads above water continue to squander their means in display and luxurious living simply because their "set" are extravagant in their expenditures. They have not the moral courage to say at once "I can't afford it," and cut down their outlay—even at the risk of being cut by some of their acquaintances who possess more money than brains. When it is too late and the final crash comes those who have strained every nerve to hang on to the ragged edge of moneyed exclusiveness very soon realize how little such friendships are worth. Those who condemn them most unsparingly are usually the ones whose example and influence have led them to make expenditures beyond their means.

Bear in mind that the first concert of the Conservatory String Quartette Club takes place on Monday evening next, when two complete quartettes by Mendelssohn and Haydn will be played, as well as a couple of lighter pieces, with solos by Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, and Messrs. Boucher, Dinelli and Schuch. On May 6, the long looked for Minstrel Company of the Queen's Own will shine at the Opera House with their songs and dances. They will number over sixty performers, with an orchestra of twenty-five. The following evening the Vocal Society will give its second concert of the season, at which Mr. Harry Field will be solo pianist; a lady who, though new to us, is highly recommended, Mrs. Wilson-Osman as soprano; and Miss Laura Webster, a clever young violoncellist will be the other soloists. The chorusses to be sung by the Society include Hatton's Sailor's Song, Mendelssohn's Why Rage Fiercely the Heathen, Pinsuti's When Hands Meet, The Vale of Rest, Three Fishers, Sands o'Dee, Tell me, Flora, and O Gladsome Light.

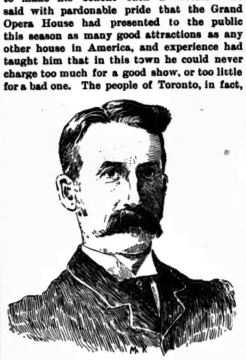
METRONOME.

The little country of Holland has fallen so far from the proud position it once held among the nations of the earth, that we are unaccustomed to think of the sturdy Dutch nation as a people of little consequence. Yet, notwithstanding the decline of her strength in Europe, Holland is still one of the great colonial powers of the world, ranking, it is said, only next to Great Britain in that respect. Her possessions comprise some eight hundred thousand square miles of fine and tropical territory.

Temple Bar says that Prince Rudolph of Austria did not commit suicide until twelve hours after his paramour had killed herself by swallowing strychnine powder. It had taken him all this time to nerve himself to the act of desperation; and the opinions of the doctors who made the post-mortem examinations were that his mind was completely unhinged, and that he could not have long preserved even the outward semblance of sanity.

The Drama.

Mr. O. B. Sheppard is to be congratulated on the success of his benefit night and also on the felicitous little speech which his enthusiastic friends wrung out of him that evening. The man who can say a few appropriate words on such an occasion and retire without feeling that his ears have suddenly become abnormally elongated has reason to feel justly satisfied. Mr. Sheppard's speech was very happy in his modest expression of what he deemed his own deserts and he also paid a graceful tribute both to the intelligent play-going public of Toronto, and to the star and company that helped to make his benefit such a success. He said with pardonable pride that the Grand Opera House had presented to the public this season as many good attractions as any other house in America, and experience had taught him that in this town he could never charge too much for a good show, or too little for a bad one. The people of Toronto, in fact,



MR. O. B. SHEPPARD.

have never laid claim to any superior quality or inordinate quantity of culture, but all who have watched the way they patronize the drama, recognize that they know a good thing when they see it. I have observed that they come out particularly strong when the legitimate is on the boards, and Shakespeare is always a drawing card. Manager Sheppard said there was a chance that this might be the last benefit he would enjoy at the hands of the people of Toronto. If he feels it necessary to "spread himself" in a wider sphere, Mr. Sheppard can cherish the comforting reflection that his enterprise has made here a rich field for his successor, and one in which he is always certain of a good yield.

*

Mr. Thomas W. Keene as Richelieu has already been noticed in SATURDAY NIGHT. He improves in this character very much, although the strong man still persists in thrusting himself through the feeble old cardinal's robe, with the result of making a few shreds and tatters. But some of Mr. Keene's touches were marvellously strong. The fierce gleam of his sunken eye and the broken hoarseness of his voice at times thrilled his auditors to the heart. On Tuesday evening, despite the rival attractions, a large audience assembled to see him in Richard III. In this play Mr. Keene follows Shakespeare closely, and makes the physical deformity of the king very prominent. This performance all through was powerful. The gamut of Shakespearean tragedy has been pretty well run by Mr. Keene this week. Hamlet is one of his favorite roles, but one in which he does not often appear.

*

The company supporting the tragedian contains some good people. The work of Mr. George Learock and Mr. Elliot is very creditable and contains many good points. Miss Emma Sheridan and Miss Louise Pomeroy, though clever, are rather too light for tragedy parts.

*

The last time Keene was here I had a very pleasant chat with him, and I was sorry to notice on Monday night that he has lost much of his robust health and seems to be almost unable sometimes to overcome what is evidently the weariness of ill-health.

Uncle Tom's Cabin has drawn large audiences at the Toronto Opera House this week. The old story comes upon us like a voice from the grave. The slavery of the negro is so dead to us; the hatred and strife it engendered are dead; Uncle Tom is dead, and the author of this story, so powerful and pathetic, is going down into the valley, her silver hairs illumined by the slanting sunbeams of an evening serene with the consciousness of duty well done.

*

The company presenting this play here is a very good one. The bright particular stars in it are Milt. G. Barlow as Uncle Tom, Harry Webber as Marks, the lawyer, and Carrie Dillon Webber as Topsy. Mr Barlow gives a powerful and well sustained performance, while the Marks of Mr. Webber contains many clever touches. Miss Webber's Topsy was amusing.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mary Dickens, daughter of Charles Dickens, jr., is playing a part in Little Lord Fauntleroy on the London stage.

Selina Dolaro's daughter, known on the stage as Miss Belasco, is to be sent abroad by Mrs. Langtry to be educated. She will return to the stage when she is older.

The decorations of the new Garrick Theater in London are in white and gold, and the seats in the stalls are lined with silk instead of velvet, which ought to be a great improvement.

Edwin Booth has recovered from his recent illness and is at work again. There is hardly a doubt that the excessive smoking of strong cigars was the cause of his collapse.

The newspapers are bound to divorce Harry Dixey and his wife, whether they will or no. Mr. Dixey, it is said, spent $150 in telegrams to various parts of the United States contradicting the rumors of his trouble with his wife.

They are building the model theater of the world in Denver, Colorado. It will cover a ground space of 140 feet deep by 88 feet wide, exclusive of entrances and corridors, and will be thoroughly fireproof. And this is the wooly west!

The phenomenal success of The Old Homestead has had the effect of starting a wave of this class of drama over New York. The latest one is called Blackberry Farm, and the author is Clay M. Greene. There will be a dozen more probably before next season.

The English actress, Mrs. Kendal, will make her *debut* in New York in the fall. It is said that as an artist, she stands higher even than Ellen Terry, though the latter possesses an electric charm that is all her own. Mrs. Kendal is in the ripe maturity of womanhood.

There will be six comic operas running together in New York this spring. The legitimate stars will be fairly eclipsed by the nebulous mist of comic opera, in which, as Lord Chesterfield said, "You leave your common sense, with your umbrella, at the door."

When Minnie Palmer crossed to Europe early last summer on board the Alaska, she was observed promenading the deck in close communion with a priest of the Catholic Church. The priest was young, with ruddy cheeks and merry eyes, and not a few of the passengers solemnly predicted, when they saw this promenade repeated several times daily, that Minnie Palmer was about to leave the stage, possibly to enter a sisterhood and renounce the pleasures of the world. Finally, one who found the enigma interfering with his sleep approached Mr. Rogers, the lady's husband, and sought an explanation of his wife's course. It then transpired that the friendship between actress and priest was one of long standing, for the latter was formerly a comedian in Minnie Palmer's company. The interlocutor says he will not stand on the tiptoe of curiosity any more.

It is now stated that on Monday night Mr. Belew rushed to the footlights in Philadelphia, his hair standing on end and his eyes wildly rolling. After choking down a sob he said with a husky voice: "My friends, I have the saddest duty of my life to perform. It is with indescribable emotion that I have to inform you—I pray you will keep your seats and behave calmly—I have to inform you that that which we all feared and none of us can escape has set in. Mrs. Potter—I mention the name with feelings that you will, I hope, understand, has taken to her dressing-room with a headache. Her six physicians are in attendance at this moment and I am requested to break the sad news to you as gently as possible. Full particulars will be published in the morning papers. I can only say in the presence of this awful event that the hearts of the American people, ever generous to a fault, will send their sympathy to the stricken one and join with me in the inexpressible sadness that such a national calamity produces."

Bob Hilliard, who plays with Nat Goodwin in the Gold Mine has a good heart. Some poor fellow was killed on one of the avenues in New York last Saturday by a runaway horse. A couple of children were in the way, and the brave man jumped in between them and danger. He saved their lives and he lost his own, and that night he was carried to his home, where his loss was mourned by a loving wife and a number of little children. The story was told in Sunday's *Press* (and well told, too), and it caught the eye of Bob Hilliard. Before the afternoon he had waded through numerous dusty alleys and brushed his fashionable clothes all full of cobwebs in his search for the dead man's room. He found it at last and placed in the hands of the widow nearly seventy-five dollars he had collected from his companions. It was the first money that had come to her and she thanked Hilliard with a sob of mingled grief and gratitude. Queer people these actors, improvident, careless, utterly devoid of the meaning of commercial integrity, but sympathetic, generous and warm-hearted. Strangely enough you will always find the actor first in the field in behalf of charity, even when his own pockets sadly need a stitch or two.

In Paris the soubrette is the young lady who goes about the stage with a feather duster, talks impudently about her betters, and keeps the stage footman on pins and needles of hopeless despair all the while. In fact, she is a butterfly that never flies higher than the growth of a field flower, and the perfume of a rose would have no sweetness for her, since its refinement would be beyond her sense of appreciation. The *ingenue*, on the contrary, is a little bundle of rare qualities. She is gay even in the shadows of human interest. She feels their oppression, understands the weight of their sorrow, and yet smiles through her tears from sheer force of bounding spirits and sweet good-nature. The *ingenue* is a young lady with all the delicate depth of sentiment the world ever knew without making a long face or even uttering a sob against the fate of humanity. I have touched on this subject with a purpose. A purpose not yet fully recognized in the dramatic world in America, that is the difference between *ingenue* and soubrette-actresses. It is a distinction in art that demands wide attention, as every other *chic demoiselle* has soubrette on her card, whether she trips on the stage to a crowd of short-skirted beauties and goes off with them, or whether she stars on the road with pictures of herself in a sunbonnet.

"This Life's a Stage."

So often have the story-tellers and the verallers rung the changes on the themes furnished by the news of personal theatrical reaching an actor on the stage, when he is compelled to appear and hide his anguish beneath a mask of simulation, that its actual occurrence does not appeal so strongly to the sympathy of the public as it should.

One night lately, in Philadelphia, an actress received a dispatch conveying the news of her son's death. She mustered all her fortitude and went on with her part, which happened to be Parthenia. With no outward sign of the grief within, she depicted the tender, graceful creature of the play until the third act, when she spoke the line: "Farewell, farewell—I shall never see thee more." The import of these words reacted upon her own nature, and she sank fainting to the stage.

It is not always possible for the actress to completely conquer and forget her own individuality, however heroic may be her dramatization. In this case the woman asserted herself and dom'nated the artist.

A Manager's Ill-Luck.

Theatrical Manager (despondingly)—I am undone!

Wife—Mercy! Has the theater burned down?

"Worse! That new play on which I spent so much money contains such a fine moral lesson that the preachers are advising people to go see it. Now it won't draw enough to pay the ushers."

Ungranted.

For Saturday Night.

Sleep, with her tender balm, her touch so kind,
Has passed me by;
Afar I see her vesture, velvet-lined,
Float silently.
O, Sleep! my tired eyes had need of thee,
Is thy sweet kiss not meant to-night for me?

Peace, with the blessings that I longed for so
Has passed me by;
Where'er she folds her holy wings I know
All tempests die.
O, Peace! my tired soul had need of thee,
Is thy sweet kiss denied alone to me?

Love, with her heated touches, passion-stirred,
Has passed me by;
I prayed, "O stay thy flight"—but all unheard
My lonely cry.
O, Love! my tired heart had need of thee,
Hast thou not just one kiss to give to me?

Sleep, sister-twin of Peace, my waking eyes
So weary grow;
O, Love! thou wanderer from Paradise,
Dost thou not know
How oft my lonely heart has cried to thee?
But thou hast never turned to smile on me.

E. PAULINE JOHNSO

What is Love?

For Saturday Night.

It is the living, burning power
That mends a sad makes us every hour
That fans to flame ambition's fire
And softens vengeful useless ire,
That is love.

It is the deepening, widening force
That sheds true grandeur over life's course;
That whets the heart's slow sympathy
And keens it for eternity,
That is love.

It is the strange, mysterious power
That bursts the seedling to the flower;
That swells the heart to all humanity
And builds on earth a sweet fraternity,
That is love.

It is the spark to mortals given
That proves their origin is heaven;
That shows in man one sacred trace
Of His own essence in our race,
God is Love.

B. M.

St. Andrews, N.B.

Down where Passamaquoddy Bay
Stretches mile on mile away,
Long unsought—forgot almost
By the fashionable host,
Who have met and preached and planned
On Maine's wave-beat breadth of sand,
Lay the town of saintly name,
Passed alike by guest and fame.

Half-way up the stately hill—
As though life and nerve and will
Sinking down had called a stop,
All too weak to gain the top,
Far above, the rounding crest,
Far below, the bay's bright breast,
With its mountain sentinels
Halting Fundy's fogs and swells.

Fickle fashion, joy nor care
Never sought a lodging there.
Once fame tarried for a day,
Smiled, then yawned and passed away,
Apology zed for the intruding,
Left the peaceful hamlet brooding
In a restful reverie
O'er its fragment of the sea.

So it might have dreamed and slumbered,
Ever on through years unnumbered,
But an artist's restless eyes
Marked the spot with glad surprise;
Like the fairy prince who strayed
To where slept the spellbound maid,
At his praise its slumber broke,
And the drowsy town awoke.

Search the leagues of coast around
Fairer spot cannot be found;
From the phalanxes of pine
Sweeps a healing breath divine.
Changing with the fitful breeze
To the salt strength of the seas,
Bearing health with pleasure blent
To the weary and the spent.

Lo! a triumph and a crown
Waits the long-neglected town;
Rank and fashion note at last
The gem they long had careless passed;
At their mandate swift obeyed
Bright in gala-dress arrayed,
Cinderella of the shore
By her lonely hearth no more.

Bring forth laurels fresh and green
For the crowning of the queen;
Bring forth brush and pen, and they
Who can best her charms portray;
Bring the scourges of disease
Till she snap them on her knees;
Hail! the wond rous witchery
Of St. Andrews by the sea.

E. W. SANDYS.

Divided.

Yet will I but say what mere friends say,
Or only a thought stronger;
I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer.

ROBERT BROWNING.

We stand so far apart,
Two graves between us lie—
Mine, with a cross at its head,
And flowers strewn o'er the bed
Of the unforgotten dead
Who dreamless sleeps below.

Yours is an empty grave,
Untenanted and bare,
But you fashioned it so deep
That forever it must keep
Us apart, although we weep,
With close-clasped hands above.

You dug it in the past,
Ere I had seen your face,
And it is so deep and wide
That it parts me from your side,
Not the grave of him who died,
Who loved me long ago.

Yet, though the grave is deep,
And we stand not side by side,
Yet none other is so near,
No one else is half so dear,
Naught can come between us here,
Or loo se our close-clasped hands.

Noted People.

Sir Morell Mackenzie has been taking the air with his daughter at the Canary Islands for some time past.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is going to England, to settle down and write the great American novel.

The Duke of Sutherland with his new Duchess sailed on the 17th for Liverpool. It is said that a chilling reception awaits them, and that the Queen and nine-tenths of the upper ten will cut them dead.

Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston has declared against prohibition. In his judgment the passage of restrictive laws will not stop the evils of intemperance. The true reform, he thinks, can be brought about only by education and self-control.

Governor Ames of Massachusetts is obliged to retire from politics on account of ill health. It is said that the Governor has been injured physically by his sociability. He has accepted more invitations to public dinners of late years than any man in a Gubernatorial position in the country.

James McCormick of Harrisburg, a graduate of Yale and a millionaire, is also a mighty Sunday school man. He has a bible class of 1,000 men at Pine street church, from which he has never been absent a Sunday during a period of twenty years. He never goes so far from Harrisburg that he cannot get back within the week to address his giant bible class.

Harry Fenn, of the *Century*, is an instance of the enormous amount of money that can be earned by a clever illustrator. Five or six years ago intimate friends confessed that he was not worth a dollar. But to-day he is the owner of an unencumbered villa at Montclair, worth $17,000, and has a lot of money in the bank, besides a large family and a Col. Sellers son-in-law.

Harriet Beecher Stowe said to a reporter who called on her a few days ago: "My life seems like a dream. My work is done and I am enjoying the luxury of perfect rest and freedom. I can't remember what I read nowadays. My mind is blank. But I am resolved into love. I love everybody, even the dirtiest beggar upon the street." What a sweet golden sunset to a life of good deeds!

Miss Laura Daintrey, the writer, is an idealist and takes as much enjoyment out of her literary efforts as, to put it in her own words, "you gentlemen take in a good dinner." She is an Oriental beauty and a bright, ambitious, clever woman. With the additional advantage of ample means, Miss Daintrey's path in literature is practically strewn with roses. She has every chance for fame.

Within the last few years Mr. Blaine is said to have doubled his fortunes. His best paying investments are in the Little Hope silver mine, which has paid, it is said, $4,500,000 in dividends in the last five years. He admits having already received from that source $1,300 for every dollar invested and the stock is still in his name. He is also a large stockholder in the Pride of Erin mine at Leadville, which is paying dividends of $25,000 a month.

Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the noted Scotch divine, lives in Edinburgh, in one of the lowest sections of the city. Her home consists of a few rooms in an alley. The drunkenness, poverty, and suffering of men and women distress her, but she is constantly with the fallen. Every night she goes out into the lanes of the city with her lantern to light her way before her, and she never returns to her quarters without one or more girls or women she has taken from the street. These people love her, and she is never molested or insulted.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, the war artist of the *Graphic*, sails for England in May. His Canadian lectures have been wonderfully successful. On the way to Windsor, N. S., the other day, his baggage got astray, and when he desired to show War on a White Sheet, a white sheet sufficiently large was not to be found. A sheet was hastily improvised, however, and in a neat speech, Mr. Villiers explained to the audience that some of the ladies and gentlemen at the hotel had been kind enough to refrain from going to bed until after the lecture, and allowed him to rob their beds of the material necessary to make a sheet of sufficient dimensions on which to exhibit his views.

A lady describes Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York *Tribune* and the newly appointed U. S. Minister to France, from a social standpoint, as being in appearance a man of reflection and studiousness, with eyes peculiarly expressive and thoughtful. He dresses neatly and appropriately, but with no noticeable consideration for style. Mr. Reid talks in a soft voice to ladies and with an air that is decidedly charming. He is not especially fluent in conversation, but can say all he desires in words well chosen and expressive. Like most graceful writers his talk scarcely illustrates the fine power of expression that his mind is capable of. But his gentle attitude toward a listener is exceptionally winning.

A Paris correspondent writes: "I hear that that very dressy lady, Queen Pia of Portugal, has just sent on an order for some twenty new dresses and a dozen bonnets as a preparation for the spring season. What does her Majesty do with all the gowns she purchases, I wonder? If she bought one frock in Paris last summer she certainly ordered something like two hundred, with hats and bonnets and parasols and gloves and hosiery to correspond, and the small trifle of $600 worth of tortoise-shell wares, such as hairpins and combs, &c., to say nothing of ream upon ream of note paper and letter paper adorned with duces in gold and colors. Queen Elizabeth died the owner of some three thousand dresses, and if Queen Pia continues in her present course she will soon accumulate a wardrobe rivaling in extent that of the illustrious kinswoman of her ancestors in the sixteenth century."

The *Phonographic World* has been finding out from distinguished writers how they turn out their "copy." Robert Burdette, the humorist, writes with a typewriter. He finds he cannot dictate to a shorthander, as he says he is afraid of the stenographer's opinion of the stuff he dictates. George W. Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Magazine*, on the other hand, does not write "with both hands" as Robert does, and does not even write on a table or a desk. He uses a lead pencil and a pad of paper. His pencil draft, however, is written out by a typewriter. Robert Grant uses a pen. So do Louise Chandler Moulton, W. O. Stoddard, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, W. H. Ridening, James Parton, Amelie Rives, Bill Nye, Capt. Chas. King, T. B. Aldrich, Mrs. Deland (author of John Ward, Preacher,) and John Boyle O'Reilly. George Kennan uses a pencil; so does Edgar Fawcett. Whitelaw Reid, the accepted, and Murat Halstead, the rejected, both dictate to a stenographer. W. D. Howells uses both a pen and a typewriter.

'Varsity Chat.

Every afternoon the lawn is crowded with sports. The rain came down the other day and painted the grass an eye-refreshing green. The grounds present a beautiful appearance just now and no mistake. The premises viewed as a whole are worth going to see. Our building is the finest university structure in America. Enough has been left of nature in the ravine to lend an air of romance to the surroundings, and if the freshman is not stirred by the scene as he walks up the rounding entrance and the imposing view spreads itself before him, well—pity the freshman or anybody else who happens to be born with one eye and that for dollars.

*

When the petition has been favorably considered, and as a result we have to invite the public around to the back yard, the place won't be much to look at. However, time will even matters up. It is proposed to erect the clubhouse in the rear lawn, and some day, when the Government, instead of sending Hon. G. W. up to make happy speeches and put us off with next to nothing, opens its heart and gives us some of that rusty surplus, perhaps what seems to have been the architect's original design will be carried out, and the quadrangle will be completed. Those who may have the good fortune to live at that time will be able to bid the continent architectural defiance.

*

Baseball practice goes on daily before deeply interested spectators. Local amateurs appear to be but as clay in the hands of the potter for our pets. It will not do, however, to measure ourselves with locals. Work on the field at present is not up to the mark. The best men on the team are, strange to say, the most diligent at practice, and even they have not the alacrity which would seem to be necessary for a team which intends to travel. They know how, but they seem to be postponing speed for match days, which means, of course, wild play and a rattled team. I fancy double play is at be few and far between if things continue in this way. But the out field, where are they? It would be a good plan to organize two or three undergraduate nines to play the team a couple of matches each week. That would bring the work up to match level. These are the wounds of a friend.

*

We ask no better material than we have. For natural athletic ability and spirit we do not shrink from comparison with any set of fellows; but as in the arena of intellect so in this—it is true that men differ not so much in ability as in energy. Given a little more method and earnestness, and only the Fates can beat us. NEMO.

Spoons.

"Good night, sweethearts!" he softly said,
And held her tight.
Upon his breast she bowed her head,
And sighed "Good night!"

He clasped her close. "Good night!" said he
In tender tones.
"Good night!" once more responded she,
"My love! my own!"

And then, "Good night, my own dear love!"
Again said he.
More softly than a cooing dove,
"Good night!" said she.

But whether he said so again
I cannot say,
For I got tired of listening then,
And came away.

Bringing up the Guns.

The following sketch, written by M. Quad, and first published in the Detroit *Free Press*, several years ago, is one of the finest bits of descriptive writing in the English language. The sketch "lost its credit," traveling about, and the schoolboy finds that it was written by that bright thinker, Anonymous.

Did you ever see a battery take position?

It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge-box has been emptied once or more, and one-fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highways gallops a battery withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hills behind us. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling, the sight beyond us making us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike a rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men, race for the brow of the hill as if he who should reach it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We looked again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chest open and along our line runs the command:

"Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours, as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are. Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around; they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one belt, misses just one cog in the wheels, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound from a line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it, aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and cannister, and guns are fired so fast all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniacal singing, purring, whistling grape shot and the serpent-like hiss of cannister.

Men's legs and heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and cannister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them the last shot. The discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp a blackened, bloody mass.

Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns. There is a silence of ten seconds and then the flash and the roar of more than 3,000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over windrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.

Chas. G. D. Roberts.

By the kindness of the St John, N.B., *Progress*, we give a portrait of Prof. Roberts, now of King's College, Windsor N.S., in which institution he ably fills the chair of English and French. Prof. Roberts' connection with the *Week*, as editor of that journal at its commencement, has given him a wide circle of personal acquaintances in this city, and through the medium of his writings he is widely known throughout Canada and the United States.

Charles G. D. Roberts was born in 1860 near the city of St. John, N.B. He is descended on his mother's side from the Rev. Daniel Bliss, Emerson's progenitor and the first pastor of Concord. At the Collegiate School in Fredericton he prepared himself for matriculation, winning high honors. He attended the University of New Brunswick, and graduated with honors in mental and moral philosophy and political economy, in 1879. In 1881 he received from his *alma mater* the degree of M. A., and in the year 1883 was connected for a short time with the *Week*. Two years after he was called to the position he now occupies.

Prof. Roberts' chief works are Orion and Other Poems and In Divers Tones. He has also edited a volume of Poems of Wild Life and a college text book of Shelley's Alastor and Adonais. The *Magazine of Poetry* pays him the following tribute:

"Not to speak of the original work of Prof. Roberts, it is safe to say that his marked success as a teacher is due to an unswerving and strong individualized energy of purpose, coupled with delicate sympathy and unusually inspiriting enthusiasm for literature, and directing a penetrating critical faculty. He is a strenuous lover of his native land (one almost says of his native soil), sturdy, virile, patriotic, easy of approach, a good friend, and (if one may venture a hazard opinion), but an indifferent enemy. It is upon the loyal, uncompromising and unquestioning patriotism of such men that Canada—the true Canada, mindful of her history, inspiring heroes, keeping faith with the greatness of her destiny, rests her bid for fame and honor among the nations."

Items Worth Reading.

A New York candy firm have fifteen stores in different cities and summer resorts, employ between 400 and 500 men and women in the manufacture only of the candy they sell, and make from 800 to 1,000 tons of candy a year.

M. L. Hussey of Menlo Park, a friend of Edison claims to have successfully invented an electric watch which will run for a year without attention. The motor is about an inch long and will be attached to the watch by a chain which will carry the current.

The New York *Sun* in last Sunday's issue says: "Women are at last permitted to practice medicine in Canada, and the first to receive a licence is Miss Mitchell of Kingston, a graduate of Queen's University." It takes news a long time to reach those outlying villages.

A simple method of cleaning and polishing floors, says an exchange, is to rub them every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is soaked in paraffin every fortnight or so. After wiping well with the cloth, brush briskly up and down the planks with a stiff broom, and after a few days of this treatment the floor will take and retain an admirable polish.

An old Roman, much to the surprise of his friends, sought to divorce his wife, with whom it was always supposed that she lived very happily. He was blamed for taking this step, and in reply put out his foot and asked if his shoes were not new and well made. "Yet," said he, "none of you can tell where it pinches." From this incident is said to have come the saying, "where the shoe pinches."

Sir Walter Raleigh wore shoes studded with diamonds said to have cost £80,000. The gallants in Charles II.'s time wore their high boot tops turned down to the ankles to show the gorgeous laces with which they were lined. High-heeled boots were worn by ladies for three parts of the eighteenth century. They raised their fair wearers some inches, rendering walking difficult and running impossible.

The women of Topeka, Kansas, stood in line for several hours waiting their turn to register for the spring elections held last week. It was late in the evening before the registry clerks concluded their severe labors. The fact that every eligible woman in the city intended to register caused the men to turn out in greater numbers than ever before. The Kansas officials say that there is no further doubt in their minds regarding the desire of women to vote.

A novel branch of learning has been introduced into the higher grades of the public schools of New Haven. It consists of a bulletin board, upon which is pasted each day clippings of important home and foreign news, taken from the newspapers. Special attention is given to matters brought up in connection with the study of history and geography. The pupils take a great interest in the bulletin and vie with one another in bringing the greatest number of items which are suitable to be pasted.

A new occupation for woman has been developed in Portland, Me., by a young lady—that of a professional reader to old or disabled people. She has among her customers an old gentleman who wants all the stock quotations and market news, another who must have all the baseball, horse, prize fight and sporting news generally, a lady who prefers sermons and another who delights in all kinds of literature and some who enjoy anything from the news papers. One this winter had to hear full reports of the doings of the Maine Legislature.

It is said that one of the earliest of Mr. Harrison's appointments put an Englishman in the White House as the president's private secretary; a little later Mr. Egan, an unnaturalized foreigner, was selected to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to a South American state; Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, who is an American by birth, but an Oxford Englishman by education, and a cockney Englishman in speech and manner, was appointed to the St. Petersburg mission; and Mr. Robert P. Porter, an Englishman, was chosen to direct the work of taking the eleventh census of the United States. The Opposition press has not allowed this to go unnoticed.

Wordsworth's Egotism.

However one may admire Wordsworth, his egotism occasionally rubs up very roughly against our sensibilities. He told Lamb one day in the course of conversation that he considered Shakespeare greatly overrated.

"There is," said he, "an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote, and people are taken by it. Now, if had a mind I could write exactly like Shakespeare."

"Yes," stuttered Lamb in reply; "it is only the mind that is wanting."

He once asked Mrs. Alaric Watts what she thought the finest elegiac composition in the English language, and when she timidly suggested Lycidas, he replied: "You are not far wrong. It may, I think, be affirmed that Milton's Lycidas and my Laodamia are twin immortals."

How very different was Lamb's expressed estimate of himself. Calling on Wordsworth one day he said: "Mr. Wordsworth, allow me to introduce to you my only admirer."

It was also a great pity that Wordsworth was so very full of "shop" on all occasions. If he had been a little more niggardly in pouring out his productions before his visitors it would have been better for his reputation. "Enough is as good as a feast." Dumas knew the happy mean, and, although such a charming story teller, saw when to draw the rein. One evening at a party his hostess so wearied him with requests to exhibit his powers in this direction that at last, unable to endure it longer, he quietly said: "Everyone to his trade, madam. The gentleman who entered your drawing-room just before me is a distinguished artillery officer. Let him bring a cannon here and fire it; then I will tell one of my little stories."

Appropriate Reading Matter.

Hostess (with a twinge of conscience, to Miss Amity Bleecker, who has been playing wallflower all the evening)—Ah, you seem pleasantly engaged! What are you reading—Emerson, is it not?

Miss Bleecker (bitterly)—Yes; Society and Solitude.

Snatched From Danger.

Aunt Dinah—Tek off yo' coat, now, 'n' I'll men' de to'n pocket. Ough! yo' got sump'n' clamp' in dat pocket. What is it, man?

Uncle Reub—Dat's a picked chick'n, lady. 'I was swingin' in de win' front o' de butcher's, 'n' dey was a tramp comin' up de street; 'n' says I, "Chick'n, yo' ain' safe," 'n' I put it in my pocket. De tramp would a stole dat chick'n, suah.

The Fair Stenographer's Idea of Men.

The dignified girl was on the street car the other evening, and her lower lip pouted as if she were at odds with things generally. "You seem out of sorts," said her companion stenographer, "what's the matter?" "Oh," replied the dignified girl, "I get sick of men and their ways. They are messy; they ailing paper all about the office, and loll about on the desks and chairs in such undignified attitudes. They smoke and chew. We have fourteen drummers who come into our office, and only one of the fourteen has ever had the courtesy to ask if cigar smoke is offensive to me They are silly; they talk such nonsense as 16-year-old girls wouldn't be guilty of. It is all about neckties, new hats, ballets, good dinners, and so on. If you think man is the superior animal, you just spend some time in a business office with assorted sizes of him and you will see. I am beginning to believe that a trashy dime novel is better society than the average man, and equally improving."

Paradoxical.

Mr. Bachelor Hood—You are not so enthusiastic over marriage as you used to be.

Mr. Hymen Court—No, my boy, I'm not. Strange as it may seem, when a man's broke it is the very worst time for him to get spliced.

Hand and Foot.

It was by chance that I happened to call
And catch Mistress Peg unawares in K.. the hall;
Where, scolding and pouting, as pretty maids do,
She was just pulling on a refractory shoe.

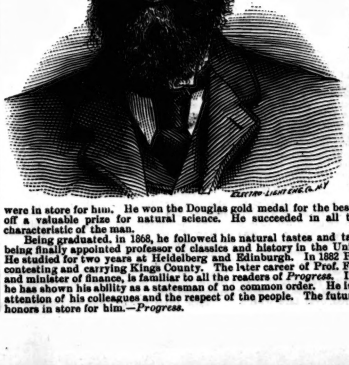
And, oh, how the lace fluttered back to disclose
The highest of heels, the most pointed of toes,
With a smart silken stocking, snug-fitting and trim,
Round the ravishing ankle, seductively slim!

"From extreme to extreme," says the sage, and the view
Of her exquisite foot in its gay little shoe,
The spark of my passion to flaming so fanned
That I went the next morning and asked for her hand.

M. E. W. in *N. Y. Life*.

Hon. George E Foster.

Some members of the Canadian parliament are politicians only, some are talkers only, while some are merely scholars whose abilities show to little advantage in the heat of political debate. It is given to few to possess the qualifications of all three and to appear in each of the roles with equal advantage. Of these few Hon. George E. Foster is one of the most conspicuous examples.



His career has been the result of no lucky accident or happy chance. Fortune has not come to him while he idly waited. He has been the shaper of his own destiny, and the secret of his success has been long continued work.

Minister Foster is yet a young man. He was born in Carleton county, New Brunswick, in 1847, of the good old Loyalist stock. He faced the world as a boy with little but his hands, his will and an ambition to succeed. He applied himself with more zeal than is usual with boys, to his studies. Those were not the days of free schools, but there were good educational facilities for boys who were in earnest, and young Foster was fully fitted for college in the academies of his native county. He entered the University of New Brunswick, in 1865, at the head of the class, and despite the efforts of able competitors, won the Kings County scholarship.

Further collegiate honors were in store for him. He won the Douglas gold medal for the best English essay, and carried off a valuable prize for natural science. He succeeded in all that he undertook. It is a characteristic of the man.

Being graduated, in 1868, he followed his natural tastes and taught school for some time, being finally appointed professor of classics and history in the University of New Brunswick. He studied for two years at Heidelberg and Edinburgh. In 1882 Prof. Foster entered politics, contesting and carrying Kings County. The later career of Prof. Foster, as minister of marine and minister of finance, is familiar to all the readers of *Progress*. In all that he has undertaken he has shown his ability as a statesman of no common order. He is a man who commands the attention of his colleagues and the respect of the people. The future has doubtless its greater honors in store for him.—*Progress*.

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER III.

Clortell Towers, Lord Elwyn's country seat, lay twenty miles away from the village of Mayfield. When Kathleen first caught sight of it after her long solitary drive, the rays of the setting sun were falling warmly upon the long stone facade and twinkling like gems in the diamond panes of the many mullioned windows.

The house, a fine old gray-stone Tudor mansion, stood upon an eminence. A long avenue of stately beeches led up to it from the lodge gates; herds of graceful deer grazed in the park on either side; a back ground of woods topped the hills above with a rich dark green background; a lake shimmered in the evening light to the left; a parterre of lawns, flower gardens brilliant with many colors, stretched away to the right; and a crimson flag, with all the family arms and quarterings emblazoned upon it, floated mast-high from the tower over the center gateway.

It was a very grand place indeed. Kathleen had never seen anything in the least like it. She trembled a little as she sat in the corner of the brougham and looked timidly out upon all this magnificence which was in future to be her home.

She was very tired as well as very nervous. The emotion of leaving Mayfield had exhausted her; and, although the spring of youth within her had made her soon dry her tears and think rather of the life she was entering upon than of that she was leaving behind, still during the course of her long drive physical fatigue had in the end overcome the hopes and anticipations of fancy and had reduced her to a condition of pitiful depression.

Nothing had been neglected to ensure her bodily comfort during her lonely drive. There were a luncheon basket, books, a cloak in case she felt chilly, a fan in case she might be warm—there was even a bunch of fresh roses upon the tiny shelf in front of the brougham. Soon one evidently had thought much of her, and thought with a kindness and delicacy which was touching as well as kind. But who could it be? Her reason rejected the hypothesis that these subtle attentions were the work of Lord Elwyn himself. A man would hardly have studied her requirements so closely. Besides, an attack of the gout—well, Kathleen knew very well what the masculine nature would undergo under infliction of that kind! No; it must be to Lady Elwyn's forethought that she owed these little kindly and affectionate attentions. Lady Elwyn, who doubtless desired to welcome as a daughter the child of her husband's early marriage. Kathleen settled this quite definitely within herself; and her heart was full of a warm glow of gratitude towards the unknown woman whose future conduct to her would count for so much in the happiness or misery of her life.

Poor little ignorant Kathleen! How much there was for her to learn! How little versed she was in the ways of human nature!

Busy with her fancy-picture of her unknown step-mother, she forgot her terrors at Tom Darley's unwelcome threats and affection; and the farther she left Mayfield behind her, the farther into the distance did the image of her uncouth former lover recede.

As the carriage neared the end of the long avenue and approached the center gateway of the old house, Kathleen turned to look eagerly, half expecting to see the tall form of Lord Elwyn, with his gracious lady, standing side by side upon the doorstep to welcome her to their home and heart.

There was nothing of the sort—only a sleepy-looking powdered footman, who slowly threw open the double doors as the carriage drove up; a second like unto him, who might have been seen struggling into his coat at the back of the hall; and, after a moment or two, a fat butler with red hair and mutton-chop whiskers, who advanced with an air of dignified condescension to the underlings who assisted her to alight. Nobody else was there to receive her. Footman number one relieved her of her small leather bag, footman number two took her parasol and umbrella out of her hand; the butler gave a solemn order to the coach—as to take Miss Elwyn's luggage round to the back.

Then Kathleen found herself standing in a vast hall with family portraits ranged round the walls and tiger-skins thrown about upon the polished oak floor. She looked timidly, almost fearfully up into the face of the fat butler. This dignitary, seeing that something was expected of him, gave a slight preliminary cough behind his red fingers.

"Ahem! Would you wish to see your maid, miss?" he inquired deferentially. "She will conduct you to your apartments."

"Can I not see my father first?" asked Kathleen meekly.

"I regret to state, miss, that his lordship is confined to his rooms with a severe attack of the gout. He will be unable to see you this evening."

"Oh, I am very sorry! And Lady Elwyn!" The butler looked across at one of his satellites.

"Were there any orders given, James, about Miss Elwyn's arrival?"

"None as I knows on, Mr. Simpkins."

There was a momentary consultation between the three. Then the great Mr. Simpkins spoke up authoritatively.

"Perhaps, miss, you would like to go into the drawing-room first. Her ladyship might be there, or she might be in the grounds; any way, I could bring you some tea before you go to your room."

With a sinking heart Kathleen assented mutely, not knowing of any other plan to suggest; and Simpkins led the way across the hall.

Two doors were flung widely open by the powdered twins at her approach, and Simpkins, all alone of the imposing retinue, shouted "Miss Elwyn" into the empty space beyond.

Kathleen found herself in a room so large and vast and lofty that for the first moment the mere size of it took away her breath. Six tall windows reached all along one side of it; three magnificent glass chandeliers hung from the ceiling; white and gold satin hangings covered the long wall opposite to the windows, upon which valuable pictures, rare china, and shining mirrors were alternately arranged; whilst a seemingly endless array of furniture, chiefly of the Louis XV. period, was crowded along the whole length of the room. The great drawing-room at Clortell Towers was no the modern side of the house, and was as remarkable in its way as any other feature of the mansion.

At the first glance Kathleen believed the room to be quite empty. The servants closed the doors behind her, and with a sense of bewildered astonishment she advanced timidly towards the center of the vast room. Then all at once she perceived that there were two persons present. From a low couch behind a glass screen overshadowed by a huge exotic palm tree a gentleman sprang hurriedly to his feet, whilst a lady who had been lying back in a deep-seated chair beside it half raised herself upon her elbow and looked up with calm surprise at the approach of the intruder.

They were like denizens of another world to Kathleen. She had never seen anybody in the flesh like either of them before. Riveted on the spot, she stood still, entranced in wondering admiration by what seemed to her to be a vision of strange and unreal beauty. It was upon the woman that her eyes were fixed.

She was quite young—a girl seemingly of about her own age—but how widely, how wonderfully different from herself!

Tall and divinely fair, with yellow-gold hair piled symmetrically in shining coils above her head, a pale, small featured, oval face with a delicate disdainful nose and a little scornful lipped mouth, with clear blue eyes that were a trifle cold and hard and proud, altogether lovely, Lucille Maitland might have walked straight out of the frame of one of the portraits of her own Saxon ancestresses.

She was an aristocrat from the top of her golden head down to the sole of her finely arched foot. She had all the fascinations of her race, and all the faults as well—indeed these latter were somewhat exaggerated in her, whilst the intolerance of youth frequently threw her attractions into the shade.

But for her beauty's sake much was often forgiven which would have been unpardonable in another. Dressed in a teagown of soft gray silk shaded with snowy lace and relieved by sombre knots of black velvet, her exquisite fairness was set off to the fullest advantage; and the glance, half startled, half proud, which she gave the new-comer, and the languid grace with which she half rose from her reclining attitude to her approach, would have enchanted a painter.

Kathleen thought she had never looked upon anything so beautiful in her life. She could indeed to speculate as to who the lovely girl could be, so intent was she on admiring her. As to the man, she scarcely gave him a glance; and yet Sir Adrian Deverell was worth looking at too, and was not at all unaccustomed to favorable looks from women's eyes. He stood up, dancing down at the little country girl, but with eyes brimful of amusement which had something of commission in them too—she was so small and so timid, and she was so pretty too!

"Fancy her being shown in here!" he remarked in a whisper. "How comical!"

Meanwhile Lucille had risen slowly to the full height of her graceful figure, and extended a slim long-fingered white hand to the new-comer.

"How do you do? You are Miss Elwyn, I presume," she said, with a frigid hauteur; and, as Kathleen just touched the tips of the cold fingers held out to her, but made no audible reply, she added, after a slight pause, "My aunt is not in—she has not returned from her walk. Perhaps you would like me to ring for your maid to take you to your rooms?"

"Your aunt!" said Kathleen quickly, ignoring this second stroke of that mysterious and much dreaded personage, her maid. "And Lady Elwyn your aunt? Are you then my cousin?"—and there was a little tremor of excitement in the question, for Kathleen could hardly believe if this gloriously beautiful girl were her very own cousin!

"Lady Elwyn is certainly my aunt," replied Miss Maitland coldly; "but I am certainly not your cousin!"—and she turned a scornful face of contemptuous denial to her companion, and a smile followed as she met his eyes enough to say, "I've not sunk so low as that yet!"

Kathleen colored hotly. She did not quite know what had been said wrong, but she felt the sensation of being put aside and despised which is so bitter an experience to a candid and unsuspicious nature.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured humbly, her eyes filling with tears—"I only fancied—"

"Oh, it is of no consequence!" replied Miss Maitland haughtily. "It is very strange, I am Lady Elwyn's niece; your father is my uncle only by marriage. I am absolutely no relation whatever to you!" she added, turning to her companion—"do you think we might put those new ponies together in the phaeton to morrow morning after breakfast, Jack?"—and she sank down again upon her chair, as though dismissing Kathleen from her consideration altogether.

"Don't you think Miss Elwyn may be tired after her journey, and might like some tea?" remarked the gentleman appealed to, ignoring the question about the ponies entirely.

Kathleen looked at him for the first time. What a pleasant face he had—what kind hazel eyes; and what a friendly smile illumined his handsome features!

"You are very kind," she said quite earnestly and fervently. "I am tired. But I think, if I can find my way to my own room, it will be best. Perhaps one of the footmen will show me where to go. I—I don't want a maid."

"If you go into the hall and ring the bell by the fireplace, somebody will come to you," said Miss Maitland, taking up a book from the table near her, as though the whole subject of Kathleen and her wants bored her beyond description.

"Thank you," she answered meekly, and turned back towards the door by which she had entered.

But, when she was close to it, suddenly it was thrown open for her, and there were the kind hazel eyes smiling down again upon her.

"Oh, thank you so much!" said Kathleen, confusedly, quite upset by the little attention. "I did not mean to give you the trouble."

"It is no trouble—only a pleasure," Sir Adrian answered brightly; and then, as the room was so large that nobody speaking in a low tone by the door could possibly be overheard by any one sitting on the couch beyond the second chandelier, he bent a little towards her and said kindly, "You must not be afraid of us, Miss Elwyn; you will soon get used to us. And I advise you to ask for Gorman, your maid, when you ring the bell; she is a very good sort of woman, and is sure to be of service to you. Lady Elwyn will see you, no doubt, in her boudoir when she comes in. It is all strange, I know, for you, but you must not mind our ways—you will soon fall into them;" and then, with an encouraging nod and smile which called forth a grateful look from Kathleen's upturned eyes, he closed the door upon her and strolled back again to the beautiful maiden in gray.

"Good gracious, Adrian, what on earth have you been talking to that girl about!" cried Miss Maitland, with raised eyebrows, as he returned.

"Why, you were actually making quite a long speech to her! There was really no occasion for you to jump up so energetically. I should have thought, in order to open the door for the daughter of a barmaid. Certainly I cannot see what all that long whispered speech can have been about."

Sir Adrian Deverell flung himself down into a chair. There was a little frown of annoyance upon his brow. There were times when his beautiful betrothed jarred upon his sensibilities somewhat—when faint doubts, phantom-like, arose within him for a brief moment as to whether the life companion he had chosen for her beauty and her high lineage and her queenly charms would turn out altogether a blessing to him or not. These unnatural reflections or thoughts he always chased away religiously when they cropped up; but they flashed across his mind, now and then, despite his most dutiful efforts to extinguish them.

"Poor little beggar!" he said, as he played with a silver handled paper knife that he had picked up idly from the table. "You were dreadfully down on her, Lucile; and she looked so strange and frightened! You might have been a bit kinder to her, I think."

"Kind! How can you expect me to be kind to a low-born girl thrust upon us from the skies, whom we had none of us heard of a month ago?"

"My dear Lucile, do be reasonable; after all, she is your aunt's daughter, whatever her mother may have been!"

"So he says," she replied significantly. "How do we know that he really married the woman, and that all those marriage certificates are not forged? Aunt Adelaide declares she will never believe at the bottom of her heart that uncle could ever have actually married a barmaid, however skilfully she may have entrapped him!"

"Poor little thing! She will have a rough time of it between you both, I foresee. I am quite sorry for her."

Lucille laughed—it was a sweet silver-toned laugh, refined in tone and bewitching in its playful hilarity. Sir Adrian's heart warmed again towards her as he heard it.

"You talk as if we were two monsters, aunt and I, bent on persecuting an innocent angel! I dare say she will not be so badly off. To begin with, she will spoil her, you will admire her, and I—oh, well, I suppose I shall have to make the best of her!"

"That is right, Lucile!" cried the baronet, holding out his hand to her. "Now you are your own best self again, as I like you to be."

And the lovers made it up in the orthodox lover-like fashion.

"My bark is worse than my bite," said Lucille, smiling, as she responded to his caress; and he forgot all his doubts in the delight of her beauty and sweetness.

For she was very clever, this beautiful girl, and she was not at all inclined to let her hold upon the good opinion of her good-looking lover.

But the day was to come when the scales were to fall from his eyes and he was to see in her true colors this creature whom he now worshipped so blindly. That day was not now far off, and already the little rift within the lute was ready to reveal itself to him. But a few days more and the serpent was to enter into his Eden, and he was to awaken from his fool's Paradise.

CHAPTER IV.

Kathleen was congratulating herself that she had followed Sir Adrian's sensible advice, and had put herself into the hands of Mrs. Gorman. Gorman was, as Adrian had said of her, a very good sort of woman indeed. She had been for many years in Lady Elwyn's household in the capacity, not only of a lady's maid, but of a supervisor of the linen chests of the establishment. She had lived at Clortell Towers, in fact, in the time of Lord Elwyn's father, and was in the house when the present lord brought home his second wife.

Instead of providing a smart young maid for her step-daughter, Lady Elwyn had conceived the idea of making "old nurse" attend to her, as called her, wait upon her. The arrangement pleased Gorman mightily; her heart yearned towards the motherless girl as soon as she saw and so tardily acknowledged now, only because Lord Elwyn was in want of an heir.

Before Kathleen had been five minutes in the room with her, Gorman had told her that she had known her mother and had held her in her arms as an infant.

The girl's heart warmed to her at once. She felt that she had found a friend.

"And all these years I've held my tongue," said Gorman, "because my lord he told me as I was to; and then he came to me a month ago and says, 'Mrs. Gorman, do you remember that baby-girl you took care of some seventeen year ago?' —'Ay, that I do, my lord; and a sweeter, lovelier infant I never set eyes on in all my life.' 'Then, Gorman,' says he, 'her ladyship and I, now we have no children, are going to have that child to live with us.' Why, I could have fallen down on my knees and given thanks then and there, I was so glad to hear it! For, after all, as I made bold to tell my lord, miss, you are his own flesh and blood; and there's no telling on them as neglects their own children. Oh, he's got a good heart has your pa, miss! He means well, but he's been badly advised."

"And Lady Elwyn?" inquired Kathleen eagerly.

Gorman pursed up her lips mysteriously.

"You'll have to be careful with her ladyship, miss; she wants a lot of humoring," she replied meaningly.

"Oh, I hope she will be kind to me!"

"Well, you must remember as she has had a great sorrow and lost her only child."

"Yes, indeed, poor woman!"

"Master Vincent he were never much good; but still she was his mother, and thought him perfect. Ah, well, he's dead, poor boy, so I'll say no more! Then her ladyship and my lord wished my lord to adopt Miss Maitland, her niece, so as to leave everything he could leave away from the heir to the title and estate; but my lord he wouldn't hear of it. He does not care much for Miss Lucille, I fancy, she is so haughty and independent in her ways. Oh, they had their battles over it, I fancy! but my lord he got his own way for once, and she had to agree and make the best of it! So you see, miss, you will have to win her over, as it were."

Kathleen sighed. The prospect did not seem a very brilliant one. There was evidently no eager and loving welcome for her from the new mother who looked upon her as the supplanter of her favorite niece. Her heart sank sadly within her.

Meanwhile Gorman was carefully dressing her young charge in the clothes which she had prepared for her as well as she had been able. The little pink speckled cotton dress she had traveled in was hidden away in the recesses of her trunk.

"You'll not be able to wear it again, miss, nor yet this blue and white stripe."

"Why, that is my Sunday dress, Gorman!" cried Kathleen, "who had rather fancied herself in her blue stripes.

"But you've got to be in mourning, miss, since your poor pa died. I'm mourning for your brother, remember; he has only been dead between four and five months. It is a mercy her ladyship did not see you in that pink gown—she would have fallen hysterical and ordered you out of the room!" And then she proceeded to array the girl in a simple black-and-white evening dress cut low at the neck and with short sleeves, in which she told her she would be ready for dinner when her ladyship came home from her drive.

Kathleen submitted to these ministrations with meek gratitude, and stood very still whilst Gorman gathered in her bodice tightly round her small waist, pinched up her sleeves, ran a tuck in her skirts, and made with clever fingers and deft needle such rapid alterations in her dress as seemed to her to be necessary to ensure its fitting her becomingly. Kathleen felt very thankful to the kind gentleman—how very generous she knew not yet—who had recommended her to send for Mrs. Gorman.

"What a lot of things she has told me already, and what terrible mistakes I should have made without her!" she said to herself.

"And who," she inquired aloud presently—"who is the handsome gentleman whom I saw drawing-room with Miss Maitland, Gorman? Is he her brother?"

"Her brother! Bless your innocent heart—no, miss! That is Sir Adrian Deverell, her sweetheart, as is going to marry her; and a precious deal too good for her he is, to my way of thinking!"

Kathleen became deeply interested. Lovers, to the girl who had never loved, were a beautiful sacred mystery—blessed creatures who lived in a paradise of their own creation, into which ordinary mortals might scarcely dare to peep. What a handsome pair of lovers these two were! What a beautiful princess was she, and what a hero of manly strength and goodness did he appear! Kathleen felt that she would have an inexhaustible store of delight for her in the daily contemplation of the happiness of these two fortunate persons; and yet, oddly enough, the knowledge of their happiness made her feel little sad too.

"They will be all in and to each other—they will not want me at all," thought the poor child. "I shall only be in their way;" and she felt more lonely than ever in the big friendless house to which fate had taken her.

But now there came a sudden knock at her door, and a message was brought to her through a very smart individual in a stiff rustling silk dress and a handsome gold broach and earrings.

"Her ladyship will be glad to see Miss Elwyn at once in her boudoir;" and Kathleen followed her tremblingly to encounter her formidable step-mother.

A lady in deep mourning stood looking out of the window. She turned quickly as the door opened. Lady Elwyn was two-and-forty years of age; she was tall and inclined to *embonpoint*; she had light brown hair slightly sprinkled with gray, an aquiline nose, keen pale blue eyes, and a somewhat florid complexion. She must have been extremely handsome once, and was still emphatically a fine-looking woman.

As Kathleen entered, she put up a pair of long tortoise-shell-handled eye-glasses, and surveyed her critically. The scrutiny brought the hot color in a flame to the girl's face.

"Umph!" muttered Lady Elwyn; then, catching sight of the lingering lady's-maid in the doorway, who doubtless was deeply anxious to be a witness of what was to follow, she cried out sharply, "Leave the room, Gorman, this moment, and don't come back till I ring!"

The door closed quickly.

"Come here, Kathleen—don't look so frightened! Let me look at you."

It seemed to poor Kathleen that she had done nothing else but look at her ever since she came in. She stood quietly, and raised her charming eyes to her step-mother.

"Umph!" said the lady again. "Not quite so pretty-looking as I imagined you would be! That of course is the dress Gorman had prepared for you? Not bad as a guess, I declare! It is too high for you on the shoulders; she will have to take it up."

Not a kiss, not a kind word, not even a smile of welcome!

"I suppose you are quite uneducated?" was the next remark, still in the same cold, hard business-like voice.

Kathleen's heart began to beat with something that was of a more decided character than timidity.

"I have had an excellent education, Lady Elwyn," she said confidently. "I was a day scholar at the High School in Chesterton, and I was at the head of the first class when I left; I was quite fit to be a governess in French and German and music. I had a great ambition to become a governess if the Dobsons could have spared me."

"Oh, well, you must forget your ambitions now! I am glad you are not a dunce. Of course your music cannot be anything much. We shall have plans and amusements lessons when we go up to town next season. Do you know how to dance?"

"I am afraid not," said Kathleen, shaking her head.

"To ride? Of course not! I dare say you cannot even play lawn tennis! Those are things to which young ladies have to be proficient nowadays. We can, I dare say, do something for you down here in that way. You seem to better than the generality of Miss Maitland as a model. She is a most accomplished girl in every way. I hope you will take pains to learn and to improve yourself."

"I will indeed," said Kathleen fervently. "You are very kind to promise to have me taught."

Again Lady Elwyn put up her glasses curiously.

"Dear me, you have a very nice voice really—not at all common, as I feared might be—and you certainly are a pretty looking girl; but your hair is very dowdily dressed. Gorman understands dressing better than those old fashioned plaits. I think I shall be able to make you look fairly presentable with a little care."

Kathleen smiled; the praise of her looks was pleasant to her. This cold hard-featured lady seemed at any rate to take a kindly interest in her. When the dinner-bell rang, she put forth both her hands and took Lady Elwyn's.

"I will try to be and do everything you wish and command, dear aunt, and a daughter to you; and may I not call you mother?"

Up went the eyeglasses again.

"Dear me, what a very singular child you are! I don't quite understand you; and—no, certainly I don't think you can call me mother—I really cannot assume motherhood to order."

Kathleen shrank back blushed; her eyes filled with tears of disappointment.

"If you do as I tell you, that is all I require," continued the step-mother coldly. "Now I must dress for dinner. I shall see you again down-stairs, so you can go."

Kathleen turned away sadly, but just as she reached the door a thought occurred to her. She turned back blushing.

"Oh, please, I must say one thing before I go—I must thank you for your kindness to me on my journey here to-day!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean the new hat and thoughtful of you to put all those things in the carriage for me."

"Gracious! What things?"

"Have you forgotten? I mean the lunch and a warm cloak, and books to read, and fruit, and even flowers and a fan. No one but a kind woman could have thought of it at all; and—and I wanted you to know that I was sure it was you—and—" Then her voice faltered as she observed the profound astonishment in Lady Elwyn's face.

"I cannot imagine what you are talking about," she said. "Simpkins might have put up the luncheon. I know nothing about it, and perhaps Gorman threw a wrap in; but flowers, books, fruit! I haven't an idea what I meant to do with you next dreaming, I think! There—run away quickly—I am in a hurry—and don't talk nonsense, Kathleen!"

But, after she had gone, Lady Elwyn reflected a little current it whilst Graves was dressing her hair for dinner.

"Impossible that Lucille should have thought of such thing! Lucille never does anything for anybody's benefit but her own! It must have been old Gorman. And yet—and yet I really should not be a bit surprised at it! There is only one fool in this house to whom such sentimental things come naturally. Pray Heaven, if it was, that the girl may never know of it! Gorman, I know, is a good creature; and still more do I fervently trust that Lucille will get no inkling of it. What a storm there would be!" Then aloud to her maid she said, "Make haste with my dressing to-night, Graves; I am in a hurry."

And such good haste did Graves make that, when her ladyship descended the marble and little octagon room off the little drawing room which was called the music-room, where it was the custom to assemble before dinner, she found no one there save her little stepdaughter sitting somewhat sadly by herself in a deep window seat looking out on to the twilight world outside.

"My dear," said Lady Elwyn, as the girl rose timidly at her entrance, "I find on inquiring that it was Gorman who put all those things into the brougham for you."

"Oh, how kind of her!"—and Kathleen's eyes brightened.

"Yes, it was very kind. But you must be careful not to thank her, Gorman is an odd woman—she cannot endure to be thanked. Say nothing more about it, please."

A laughing voice was heard outside, the door opened, and Lucille Maitland, radiant in a fairiest of mourning evening dress of black and palest mauve, with a diamond crescent glittering in her hair and an enormous white feather fan held up playfully behind her head, dancing in, followed closely by Sir Adrian Deverell.

"Aunt Adelaide," she cried, "tell him not to torment me! He has been teasing me to death! Laurence Doyne gave it to me; he wants to take it away and give me another just like it. How can mean he so foolish? Oh, dear"—catching sight of Kathleen's slight form in the shadowy corner of the window, and turning away with a pout and a sudden change of her whole manner—"that girl again!"—and Kathleen, to her mortification, heard her.

Dinner was announced. Sir Adrian, with a polite inquiry concerning Lord Elwyn's health, offered his arm to his hostess, Lucille followed alone with her proud head in the air, and Kathleen, feeling very small and wretched, brought up the rear.

That first late dinner was a terrible ordeal to the poor child. She was very tired and very unhappy. The unaccustomed grandeur of silver and china, the number of strange dishes, the solemn dignity of the men servants, the somewhat dreary and formal conversation that went on, quite bewildered and oppressed her. She thought of the cosy farm parlor at Mayfield, of the cheerful little supper table where everyone helped himself and all talked unrestrainedly of the day's doings—how much better and simpler it was than all this magnificence! She hardly spoke a word, and ate the next to nothing. Once or twice, looking up inadvertently, she caught Sir Adrian's eyes fixed upon her with so strange an expression of interest and sympathy in them that her own sank confusedly and quickly back to the level of her plate. It almost seemed to her as if he too was a little silent and out of harmony with his surroundings. Lucille talked much and laughed about people and things of which Kathleen knew nothing, Lady Elwyn listening to her with a sort of rapt attention, mingled with loving indulgence which made another woman of Kathleen's hard, cold-voiced step mother.

As soon as she could after the terrible meal was over, Kathleen, pleading fatigue, obtained leave to go to her own room, and thankfully found herself alone again with her kind old attendant. Then, in spite of Lady Elwyn's prohibition, she could not refrain from saying to her:

"Mrs. Gorman, I cannot help it even if you don't like being thanked; but I must say how good I think it was of you to put all those things in the brougham for my journey to-day."

To her surprise, Gorman made the following mysterious and wholly ungrammatical reply:

"My, dearie, it were not me. There be one in this house as is always doing kindnesses, and there be others who can't abear as it should be known. But, if Ann Gorman be told to hold her tongue, she can hold it as well as anyone else. After which she closed her lips with a snap, and nothing more could be got out of her.

So Lady Elwyn had told an untruth! And who was the mysterious "one" to whom Gorman alluded? Kathleen fell asleep still wondering.

(To be Continued.)

Gall.

Sweet, lay your head upon my breast
A Minnie, dear:
Tell me, like Maud, you love me best
Of all the men you know.
Turn up, as Lily used to do,
Those eyes, and look in mine;
Swear, as Cora swore to Leo Doe,
That I alone am thine.
A radiance flits about thy hair
That once framed Mollie's face;
A soft, seductive, baby air
On a kind much like Grace.
A fragrance as the violet,
Is winding me of Nan,
Comes from thy balmy lips, my pet,
And makes me think of Ann.
But do not call me fickle, sweet,
For my lost Julia's sake!
This very moon as Flora's feet
I swore; on took the cake.
Then kiss me, dear—you kiss like Nell—
Your lips are cool;
To morrow I shall Cora tell
I love you best of all.

Appreciated the Situation.

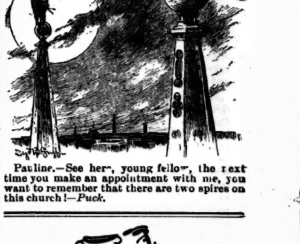
She was walking along Kingstreet yesterday when there came a slip and a fall and she sat down on the wet pavement. A man who was passing exclaimed: "——it!" and the woman looked up with a grateful smile and replied:

"How you gentlemen always appreciate the situation!"

Insinuating Politeness.

Dr. Alphonso—Precede me (waving his hand towards the supper table).
Guest (an undertaker)—Doctor, I follow you.

Love's Labor Lost.



Pauline.—See her, young fellow, the next time you make an appointment with me, you want to remember that there are two spires on this church!—*Puck.*

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By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

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CHAPTER XI.

A month had gone by—a month of days bright and sunny, and of nights glorious with midsummer starlight and radiant moonbeams.

It was the twentieth of July, a sultry and glorious day; Lady Oldcastle's tea-table had been carried out upon the terrace. The beds of the terrace flower garden were a mass of color; the park below, bathed in sunshine, was at its fairest; beyond lay the stretch of sunny down and a golden glimpse of the sea. It was a pleasant scene, but the handsome and stately woman whose eyes rested upon it was blind to its beauty.

Lady Oldcastle sat in a low chair by the tea-table, her lace sleeve falling back from her fair massive arm and large white hand, upon which her chin rested, and brooded with frowning brow and set lips. Beneath the mask of its pride and coldness there was a change in her face; the cheeks were less full than they had been, the lines about the mouth were a little deeper, the brilliant eyes were a trifle sunken; there was always a latent uneasiness, sometimes a sudden look that was like terror in the glance which had always been imperious. A tendency to flush and start and turn pale might be added to this change; and both had their date from one day—the day when the man named Gabriel Dright had come to Oldcastle Towers—Gabriel Dright, who since that day had written no word and made no sign.

A footman coming out of the house with a dish of fruit made Lady Oldcastle start and turn now. Almost immediately afterwards Duke joined her.

"I thought you were here, mother," he said, and pulled a chair forward and sat down too, pushing back the curly bright hair from his forehead, white and rounded as a girl's.

"How abominably hot it is! Pawe! I don't remember it worse at Monaco or Baden!"

"Have you been out?" Lady Oldcastle asked. Her eyes rested upon the young man's handsome face with the expression with which they always regarded him; but there was an element of dissatisfaction and anxiety in the glance.

"Not since lunch; it is too hot. I sat down to write a couple of letters and went to sleep over it. What is the notion of tea out here?"

"It is Adela's idea. It seems that she cannot have too much of the sun and air."

"By Love, no!" said Duke ruefully. "You would have said so if you had been with us this morning. We walked more than half-way to Wildeross and back again along the cliffs, in that full glare of the sun. It nearly settled me—I could hardly crawl; but it did not affect her in the least. I believe the artful little minx did it on purpose!"

"Why should she?" asked Lady Oldcastle slowly.

"Because it is the delight of her existence to torment me, I suppose," returned Duke, with his indolent laugh. He was so indolent that it irritated his mother.

"It is to be hoped," she said quickly, "that you do not mean what you say, or that if you do mean it you are mistaken. I am getting anxious, Duke, about your progress with Adela; things are not going between you exactly as I should like to see them. I have been several times on the point of speaking to you about it. Are you satisfied?"

Duke pulled his fair mustache dubiously.

"Pretty fair, I think, mother—as well as was to be expected in the circumstances."

"What do you mean by 'circumstances'?" asked Lady Oldcastle, with some sharpness.

"Well," returned her son slowly, "I didn't begin with an exactly fair field, you see; there's no getting over that."

Lady Oldcastle flushed deeply, then grew pale.

"Absurd!" she said, with cold decision. "It is incomprehensible to me how you should ever have entertained such a fancy, or, granting that you did entertain it, that you should for a moment hold to it now. It is too absurd for a moment's serious thought—pray banish it entirely! You have not, I suppose, said anything decisive to Adela as yet?"

"No; I can see pretty plainly that it would be of no good."

"Does she discourage you?"

"No; I can't absolutely say that."

"What do you mean then?"

"Well"—he shifted in his chair as though he were growing restless beneath this systematic catechizing—"she doesn't encourage me—not by a long way."

"And I like her the better for it," Lady Oldcastle declared emphatically—"the more as I should have thought her fully capable of making at least half the advances. It merely proves that she is aware of her own value, as every woman should be; she is no penniless girl whose business is to find herself a husband at any cost, and she knows it. The fact that she does not discourage you should be encouragement enough. You like her!"

"Yes," Duke admitted; "I must say I do. She is a very jolly girl, a capital companion, and really uncommonly pretty." In fact, I don't know that I ever saw a girl I'd sooner marry."

"I am glad to hear you say it," Lady Oldcastle returned, with a satisfied air; "and, that being the case, I must really say, Duke, that you disappoint me. I cannot understand your delay. To my mind, there is very little doubt that Adela would accept you were you to speak to her."

"I wish I felt sure of it," muttered Duke, frowning. "She likes me very well, I dare say; but—"

"I must really say that you have made bad use of your time," Lady Oldcastle resumed; "I had hoped that everything would be settled by now. And you must remember too that for the last three weeks you have certainly had the field, as you term it, entirely to yourself. Your fancy with regard to Guy is what I have called it—most absurd and unwarrantable; but his being obliged to go to Scotland was unquestionably fortunate. He had certainly contrived to interest Adela, but there was nothing in the least degree personal in the feeling. It would have been strange had there been"—this last with an icy touch of disdainful contempt.

A small estate in Scotland—much smaller than the Towers—belonged to the Oldcastles, and the sudden illness of his bailiff there had called Sir Guy away three weeks before.

Duke shifted in his chair again.

"I tell you," he said in a brisker tone, "that was lucky enough, no doubt; and I must say I prefer Guy's room to his company at any time. He rare, laughed, stretched himself, and stooping, lightly touched his mother's cheek with his lips. "All serene, mother! I'll continue to screw up my courage and propose to Lady Adela before the week's out, if I can. May she find your model boy irresistible! But of course she will—eh?" He laughed again, and stood smoothing his mustache with his small delicately-white hand as if he thought so—as perhaps he did. "Yes," he said half aloud, "I'll get it over, if it's to be done, before Guy comes back—particularly as he was good enough to say that I wasn't especially welcome here before he went away."

"He said that?" Lady Oldcastle asked, setting her lips.

Duke shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly, but he had known that she would hear.

"Oh, yes!" he said airily. "He said it right enough, and meant it too. Not particularly gracious, but it was natural, I dare say, all things considered. Being cut out can't be exactly pleasant, even for such an unordained parson as he is. When is he to be home, mother? Do you know?"

"I do not. I have heard nothing of him since he went away. He may be gone for another three weeks—he may return to-day. But, Duke, my dear boy, I do most earnestly urge you not to lose no more time. Speak to Adela on the first opportunity. She must be expecting it, and—"

Lady Oldcastle stopped abruptly. Up the terrace steps Angel appeared flying, her mass of dark hair streaming over her white cotton frock, her hat gone, her little sharp face burnt a berry brown by the sun, and came dashing down upon the two, almost upsetting the tea-table.

"Oh, aunt Olivia," she cried, "cousin Guy's come back! He has—really and truly he has! We met him just now in the drive—him and Rob Roy; and he put his paws on me and dusted me all over," concluded Angel, breathless, and apparently with some mixing of pronouns, as she brushed down her small skirt with one hand and clutched her aunt's arm with the other.

"Indeed, Angel!" Lady Oldcastle removed the small not-too-clean fingers with a light fastidious touch. "So Guy is back! I did not know it. And pray whom do you mean by 'we'?"

"Me and Adela." Angel coolly took a handful of cherries from a dish and began to munch them, speaking between the bites. "She came for a walk with me because Miss Stone said she didn't want to. And we've been ever so far! And we were coming back, because she was so dreadfully thirsty, when Rob Roy came bouncing right out on us, just as he always does. And he frightened her, I think, because she cried out loud, as if he did. Umph—he didn't frighten me!"

"Where are they now, child?" Lady Oldcastle questioned, compressing her lips.

"Oh, they're somewhere!" returned Angel nonchalantly. "I waited ever so long, but they just stopped there talking instead of coming on, and so I came on first by myself. Adela can't be so thirsty, I should think." Angel took a second handful of cherries and looked from mother to son, her face wearing its oldest, most unchildlike smile. "I told you Lady Adela liked Guy better than you, cousin Duke," she said, with a sage little nod; "and so she does, I know. She's so glad to see him back—she said so."

"Oh, is she? What did he want to ask her for?" muttered Duke sourly; but Angel heard of course.

"He didn't ask her," she affirmed promptly—"she said it of her own self. Aunt Olivia, I'm thirsty if Adela isn't. May I have some tea here, please?"

"Yes, in a moment." Lady Oldcastle turned to the neglected tea equipage and took up the tea pot. "Go first and tell Adela that we are waiting for her."

"But here she comes!" Angel remonstrated, loath to leave the cherries. "I can hear her, and cousin Guy too."

In the summer calm footsteps and voices were indeed audible enough on the great sweep below the terrace, and even the steady plodding of Rob Roy's great padded feet. Then came Adela's sweet low laugh and her words clearly following it as she stopped at the foot of the steps.

"No, not once. I have often longed for a sail too—the weather has been so lovely. If I hadn't known very well that it would indeed be a case of sailing to the end of the world, I think I should have taken the Belle Aurora and gone off by myself."

"I thought you said you would like it," said Sir Guy's grave voice.

"Ah, not by myself!"

The hearers could both imagine the pretty characteristic shake of the head with which the words were spoken.

"Would that make any difference?"

"Of course—all the difference in the world! I saw John Trobus on the beach this morning—I dragged poor Pinkum down there before breakfast—and he was so anxious to know when you were coming back. I was sorry not to be able to tell him. He says it seems so strange not to have you with them ever. Are you going to-night?"

"I don't think so—I shall most likely be too busy. Why?"

"Oh, only that you are not to forget that you promised to take me too some day—at least, I think you promised—didn't you? Aren't you coming to speak to Lady Oldcastle? She is on the terrace, I think, and your brother, too."

"Lady Oldcastle"—she suddenly became aware of the tea-table and stopped her song—"what a glorious day it has been, hasn't it? She sank down into one of the low chairs. "May I have some tea, please? Angel dragged me such an unmerciful distance that I am dreadfully thirsty."

"Certainly, my dear. I have been wondering what detained you." Lady Oldcastle, who never allowed any one else to do it, poured out the tea and handed the cup to the girl. "You look tired—and it is not to be wondered at. You should really not let Angel martyrise you so. It is Miss Stone's business to accompany you. I am afraid she has been remiss of late."

"Oh, I don't think she is well, poor girl!" said Adela quickly. "She said her headache, and I am sure she looked as if it did—she was so pale and her eyes were so heavy. I am afraid somehow that she is fretting about something."

Duke shifted uneasily in his chair—his seat seemed fated to be uncomfortable that afternoon. The girl's feeling, it would have rested upon him, but with perfect innocence and unconsciousness.

"If Miss Stone is not comfortable, my dear, she is, I presume, capable of telling me what she has to complain of," Lady Oldcastle observed, with a chilling air.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything of that kind, indeed, Lady Oldcastle!" Adela remonstrated in haste, conscious that her well-meant apology for the governess' delinquities was threatening to do more harm than good. "I am sure it is not that, because Angel has been—considering—quite a model girl lately. I thought that Miss Stone might not be quite well perhaps—that's all. Besides, I dare say the heat tries her a good deal. She is not so strong as I am. And I'm a very willing martyr, I assure you, for I can't get too much of this splendid weather. We enjoyed our walk—don't we, Angel?"—this with a gentle tug at Angel's floating hair.

But Angel's mouth was too full of cherries to admit of her making any reply beyond an affirmative nod. Lady Adela laughed and took up her teacup.

"Did she tell you that Sir Guy had come back, Lady Oldcastle? I was so sorry not to see him! I did not know he was expected yet, as you had not mentioned it."

"I could not, my dear, since I did not know it. Guy does not trouble himself to tell me of his movements. Ah, here come the letters! I did not know it was late enough for the post."

A footman came out with a little pile upon a waiter. Duke advanced and took them.

"Thanks—that'll do, Saunders." He came back to Adela's low chair. "What will you give me for one?"

"Nothing," said the girl, with a lazy little yawn. "I'm in Arcadia, where such practical horrors as pens and ink are not. I'm delightfully lazy and stupid; I couldn't understand one without an inspiration. Earn my eternal gratitude, and don't say there's one for me, please."

"I'd say a great deal more for the chance of earning a great deal less. The only question is, what am I to do with it?"

"Oh, there is one!" cried the girl, with a despairing little grimace. "How tiresome it is that the rest of the world is ruthless and won't respect Arcadia!" She stretched out her hand lazily. "Give it to me, please, and don't be surprised if the consequences are tragic."

Duke laughed and put the letter into her hand, a thick gray envelope with a delicate pink monogram. The girl's bright eyes opened wide and in a by no means languid manner.

"Oh," she cried, "from mamma! May I read it, Lady Oldcastle? It is post-marked from Sugbrooke, so they must be at home again."

Lady Oldcastle, taking her own letters, graciously smiled assent, and sat watching the girl with a shade of anxiety upon her handsome face as she turned over the pages of her letter. Duke watched her silently too. The letter was not long, but when she looked up in a moment all the pretty color in her cheeks was gone.

There is no bad news, I trust, my dear?" Lady Oldcastle interrogated.

"Oh, no!" replied the girl, with a deep breath. "It is not bad news exactly, but"—with a faint unsteady laugh—"it has surprised me a little, Lady Oldcastle—that's all! Mamma is back at Sugbrooke, as I said, and she wants me to go home at once."

CHAPTER XII.

Lady Adela, bending with knitted brows over her letter again, did not see the swift look which passed between mother and son—the discomfiture and dismay upon Duke's face, and the vexed expression in Lady Oldcastle's fine eyes.

Angel dropped her cherries and burst into a shrill wail.

"Adela aha's to go away—I don't want her to go away!"—and for a minute or two there was quite a commotion on the terrace as Adela let her letter fall and applied herself to soothing the child. Then Lady Oldcastle spoke.

"At once, my dear? I trust there is no reason for this summons? Lady Nugent is not ill?"

"Oh, no! Mamma doesn't say that, although she complains that the German baths have not benefited her as much as she hoped. She only says that she wants me home again, and that she is afraid I have trespassed upon your kindness too much already. I fear"—smiling tremulously and bending her head over Angel's wild black locks—"that is true!"

"My dear child, you know better than that," the elder lady returned almost caressingly. "I really think I shall take it upon myself to write to Lady Nugent and tell her that we cannot possibly spare you. I had hoped you would remain for the whole of the summer at least. And I don't think you are very tired of us yet?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" the girl cried eagerly. "You know I am not, Lady Oldcastle; I told you so. I shall be very, very sorry to go away."

"Then I think we must beg Lady Nugent for another fortnight at least," Lady Oldcastle said kindly. "Will you authorize me to write to her?"

"Yes, if you really wish me to stay," Adela faltered, twisting one of Angel's long straight locks round her fingers. "I—I don't suppose mamma really wants me. And I should like to stay here just a little while longer; I don't want my glorious summer to come to an end yet. I will write to mamma and ask her too. Perhaps you would like to read her letter, Lady Oldcastle?"

All the rich color had come back to her cheeks, and she held out the letter without raising her eyes. Lady Oldcastle took it with a word of thanks, and, rising, turned towards the house with a glance at her son which was very expressive. He would have been far more obtuse than he was had he failed to comprehend it. His mother was not more anxious than he was at that particular moment that he should propose to Adela Nugent. Circumstances have liked to do it within the ensuing five minutes.

But to do it, or to even approach it, in the presence of Angel was impossible. The boldest, most ardent lover that ever existed might have quailed before such an ordeal. And to send her out of the room at least an impertinent speech he knew that she would stoutly refuse to go. She was half lying across Adela's knees, twisting one of the knots of ribbon on her dress, and seemed to like the soft movement of the gentle little hand among her tangled hair. Duke looked at her and involuntarily anathematized her. Lady Adela seemed to have forgotten him altogether; she sat with soft absent eyes looking towards the distant golden glimpse of sea.

"You won't go away, Lady Adela, will you?" Angel asked suddenly, giving herself an abrupt roll which brought her face upwards.

"Not if I can help it, Angel." Adela roused herself with a start.

"But I mean you don't want to, do you?" questioned the persistent child.

"No; I should like to stay a little longer if I can."

"Of course you would, now that cousin Guy's come back," said Angel, with comfortable conviction, giving herself another roll which brought her unexpectedly upon her knees. "you like him best, don't you?" She nodded up at Duke with cool defiance. "I told you she did; and so do I."

Duke himself hardly wished Angel farther than Adela did at that moment. Only one thing could have made the position of affairs more awkward, and that would have been for Sir Guy to be listening too. She sprang to her feet hastily. Flight seemed plainly the best way out of the difficulty.

"I must run away indoors, Angel, if I am to be ready for dinner by the time it is ready for me; and I am sure your tea must be waiting for you too. Come along—you shall see if you can race me upstairs."

"All right—only," said Angel, declining to be beguiled, and looking back over her shoulder, "you do like Guy best, don't you? And you needn't mind if she does, cousin Duke, because Miss Stone thinks you're the nicest, I know. I'll race you now, Adela—see if I don't!"

The quaint little figure darted off along the terrace and disappeared down the steps. This was not at all what Adela had desired, and she was conscious that things were, if possible, more awkward than ever. But she was not the girl to show it, and she was not the girl to run away openly. She stopped, and, picking up her hat, put it on with tranquil deliberation.

"What a strange child she is!" she said irrelevantly.

"She's a comical little monkey enough, certainly," Duke assented—he was sufficiently disconcerted to feel that his proposal could not be judiciously made at present—"and about the oddest thing about her is the liking she has for Guy."

"Odd!" Adela echoed, with a quick upraising of her pretty expressive brows. "Why?"

"Oh, well, Guy's a queer fish himself, you see!" Duke resumed, a little at a loss. "Perhaps their mutual queerness is the secret of the attraction, though I never thought of that. But it is strange that the comical little vixen should like him, when one comes to recollect that he is the only person, in the house out of it, who makes her mind and keeps her in order."

"I think that's the reason," said Adela, smiling. "She is very loyal to her liking, certainly; and I think she has lately been beaming a smaller one upon me."

"I don't wonder at that," he returned expressively; "it would be strange if it were otherwise."

The girl laughed aloud, maliciously and merrily.

"Mr. Oldcastle, that's perfectly outrageous! Don't you know, pray, that it is as good as telling me that I am a—what was it?—a queer fish too? I really wonder at you—I do indeed! I shall tell Sir Guy what public opinion declares us to be on the first opportunity."

She ran down the terrace steps, and her bright laughing laughter came back again and seemed to mock him. When, after a while, he followed her at a slower pace, he saw her standing in the broad walk below, bending down with her arm round Rob Roy's great neck while she laughingly commanded him to shake hands. Guy came sauntering along as he looked, and by-and-by they walked away together in the direction of the workshop, with the dog trotting after them, his black muzzle thrust into Adela's hand.

(To be Continued.)

Able With a Jury.

At a burglar's cell in the county jail.

Lawyer Marks—Now, John, tell me were you concerned in this burglary or were you not? Are you guilty or innocent?

John—I'm guilty. If I were innocent I wouldn't say so.

"Why not?"

"Because you are a good deal better with a jury when you know you are lying than when you are telling the truth."

A Welsh Abbreviation.

The Cambrian *News* says that at the Merrionethshire quarter sessions the rector of Llanfairpwllcwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch was charged by the Dolgelly local board with obstructing the highway near the town. L——h is a parish in Anglesea near the Menai bridge and the *News* adds it may interest readers to know that the name given above is an abbreviation of the full title of the village.

A Quiet Complaint.

Flannelly (the new coachman, who has misapplied his cape)—O've drove fer mane men, but, begor, this is th' foorst wan thot iver gev me a robe th' size o' this!—*Judge.*

As Much as He Always Had.

Mr. Darringer—What a temper that boy has! He never got it from me.

Mrs. Darringer—No, Abner; you have as much as you always had.

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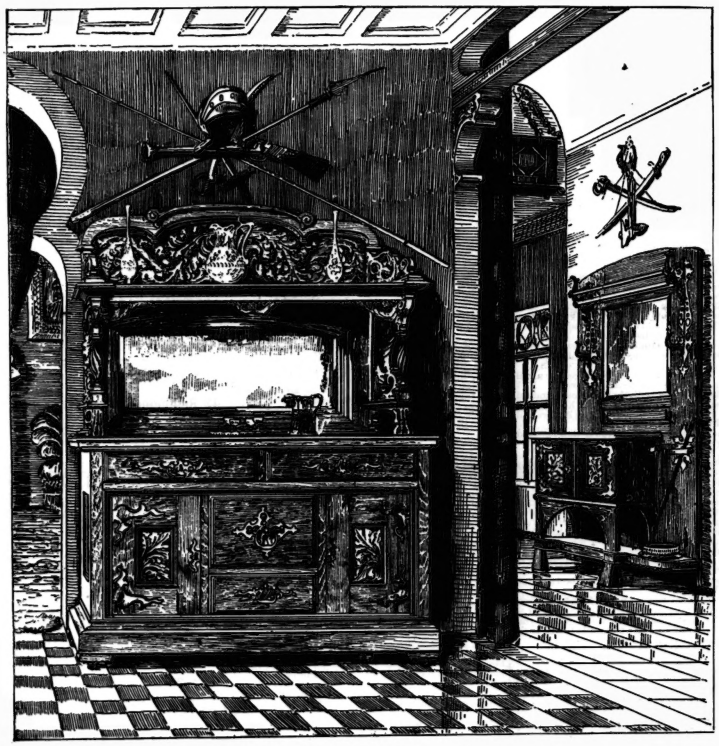

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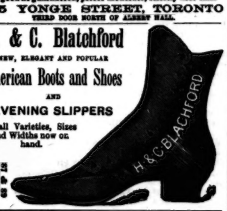

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Ottawa.

There was the usual cricket match on Saturday afternoon last on the grounds of Government House, witnessed by the usual number of spectators. The M.P.'s are fast bidding adieu to the amateur stage, and were it not for the near approach of the close of the session, and with it the departure of the members from Ottawa, the record of the Graces (W. G. included) would be in great danger of being broken.

The driving party to Aylmer on Easter Monday was a great success. The start was made from the Rideau Club at about 5.30 p.m., and after a most delightful drive—notwithstanding the cold wind—of about an hour and a half, Aylmer was safely reached. The fact that the party was composed almost entirely of juveniles, strange as it may appear, by no means obviated the necessity of the usual "spread."

By an error in the remarks made last week about this drive the name of Mr. Charles Cimble, one of the young hosts, was omitted. The boys deserve a great deal of credit on account of the success of their innovation; and the sentiments of all their young guests are unanimously in favor of a repetition.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Wm. Smith and Mrs. Mylan, both of Sandy Hill, gave afternoon teas. There was also another small driving party to Aylmer on this afternoon.

On Tuesday afternoon, to the sorrow of more than one fair member of the congregation of St. George's Church, the Rev. G. M. Snowden, the curate, left for a few months' trip in Europe, seeking the rest he is so fully entitled to after his laborious duties of the last few months.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Wm. Mackey and Miss Josie Mackey of The Elms left for New York, where they intend spending a week or two.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. T. P. French of Theodore street gave a small dance in honor of her guest, Miss Hattie Fraser of Toronto.

Mr. Edmond Cowen is rapidly recovering the use of his eyes.

Various arrangements are being made by all for the desertion of Ottawa during the coming summer. The old and familiar riverside resort of Riviere du Loup, to which Ottawa always contributes the largest quota, is not to be overlooked this summer. A large portion of the Sandy Hill residentiary—to the extent of some dozen families—is to be transplanted to that charming place for some months. The Inch Arran, Dalhousie, is, however, to be the fashionable resort—as is only right and proper. Most of the naughty bachelors, young and old, have expressed their intention of seeking quiet and rest in some such obscure and out-of-the-way place as Old Orchard Beach! The Paris Exhibition, too, and the desire of setting foot on the old sod have proved attractive to many, and the "pond trip" is contemplated by not a few of the more fortunate. Camping parties, too, are being organized to a very great extent, the favorite *loci* being the Gatineau river, Hog's Back, on the Rideau River, Brittania and Aylmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Miall and their family will probably move out to their country house at Aylmer sometime next week; and Mr. Haycock and Mr. Pinhey, with their respective families, will, no doubt, shortly follow their example. SANTIO.

Personal.

A very pleasant gathering took place on Wednesday at the residence of Mr. George Hess, M.P.P., at 77 Dunn avenue, the occasion being the marriage of his second daughter, Miss Minnie, to Dr. D. D. Ellis of Tilbury Centre. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. M. Gensmer of Bond street church. The bride looked very handsome in white faille *en train*, veil and white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Emma, who was attired in white china silk. Mr. M. H. Ludwig of Osgoode Hall, barrister-at-law, acted as groomsman. After the rare and inviting *dejeuner* was partaken of the happy couple departed on their honeymoon to Philadelphia, New York, and other Eastern cities.

At Burnhamthorpe on Wednesday, April 17, a fashionable wedding took place in which Torontonians will be interested. At the residence of Dr. M. H. Aikins, John Wilcox Peaker, a Toronto physician, son of Wm. Peaker of Brampton, was married to Florence Nightingale, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Woodruff. Following is a list of the guests: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clarkson, New Westminster, B. C.; Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Aikins, Dr. Wilberforce Aikins, Miss Ella Aikins, Miss Louie Aikins, Mr. John Holden, Dr. John Caven, Dr. W. H. Thistle, Dr. R. J. Wilson, Mr. Fred Flett, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lumsden, Miss Annie L. Clarkson of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. John Aikins and Misses Aikins, Mr. and Miss Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Peaker, Miss Hattie and Mr. Ed. Peaker, Misses Perry, Miss Maggie Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood, Messrs. Will and John Kirkwood, Miss Mary Kirkwood, Mr. and Mrs. Hindson Garbutt, Mr. and Mrs. Owen, Miss Gertie Owen, Dr. J. G. Roberts, Mr. J. B. Dixon of Brampton; Dr. Dunton of Paris; Dr. Foster of London; Mr. and Mrs. J. Jackson of Orono; Mrs. Garbutt, Mrs. Hornby, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Lently, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jackson of Mount Charles; Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Shaver, Mr. Frank Shaver, Miss Roxa Shaver of Islington; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarkson, Misses Nettie and Ada Clarkson of Woodstock; Mrs. and Mrs. H. E. Neelands of Winnipeg; Mr., Mrs. and Misses Wenman of Brandon; Mr. Herbert Aikins of New Haven, Conn. Mr. R. J. Lloyd, the Toronto caterer, superintended the wedding repast which, by the way, was the most elaborate ever seen in Burnhamthorpe.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

A farewell supper was given for Mr. D. Macgregor, the popular accountant of the Bank of Commerce, by some of his friends last week, previous to his leaving for Sault Ste. Marie, where he has been promoted to manager of the new branch. Mr. J. A. Strachy occupied the chair, and was exceedingly happy in conducting the programme. Various toasts and sentiments were given and replied to in a pleasant way. Many kind words were said of the guest of the evening, to which Mr. Macgregor feelingly replied. "The Banks" met as appropriate responses from Mr. H. H. Morris and Mr. A. A. Makid. "The Professions" was replied to by Messrs. Radenhurst, Hewson and Esten. "Our Agricultural Interests" by Mr. H. McVittie, and "The Press" by Messrs. F. Hornsby and E. Mitchell.

Barrie Lawn Tennis Club held their annual meeting and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Hon. president, Sir C. H. Kostright; hon. vice-president, F. E. Pepler; president, Daniel Spry; 1st vice-president, J. H. Cotter; 2nd vice-president, J. A. Strathy; captain, H. C. Gillet; secretary, F. H. Luder; treasurer, A. E. Dyment; committee—S. J. Sanford, W. A. Boys, W. Campbell, D. Macgregor, and V. B. Meeking.

Mr. F. H. Lauder spent a few days lately in Ottawa. Mr. F. D. Hewson was home for Easter; also Mr. Ed. Andros, Mr. E. Kortright, and Mr. Sidney Bridges.

Miss Bouchier of the Batteau was visiting friends in town last week.

Mr. H. H. Morris, manager of the Bank of Commerce, sailed for England last week.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, secretary of the Imperial Federation League in Canada, has been spending a few days in town and was the guest of Mrs. G. J. Mason, Harr Hall.

Mrs. Howson of Toronto was here for Easter, and was the guest of Mrs. Baker, Sunnyside.

Miss Miller has been visiting friends in Toronto recently.

Mr. F. Churchill sailed for England April 24.

Mr. R. Lount is in town, and will be the guest of Mrs. D. Spry while here. V. M.

The Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east, is being every day more frequented by the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the city. New courses are always beginning. Instruction is given privately and in classes by the well-known Berlitz Method.

Easter Greeting.

The reason why fashions in men's dress change so often according to the pronunciamento of one of Toronto's swell tailors is because men soon grow tired of existing styles and yearn for something new. This season's fashions are no better than those of last season and not much better than those of ten years ago insofar as the general aspects of garment structure are concerned; it is not progress and development half so much as novelty and variety that are looked for. As a matter of fact the spring styles, while showing a multitude of minor departures in mere items of detail from those of the past spring and fall, are in all essential respects practically unchanged. The most popular coat will be the three button cutaway or walking coat, while the sack coat will continue to retain its hold upon a large number of admirers. Large plaids and checks are the most fashionable goods to be worn this season, and Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West End Tailor, has received his spring importation from the best foreign markets invites your inspection. No. 1 Rossin House Block or 119 King street west, Toronto.

Ladies' Tour in Europe.

Miss Hill, 338 Jarvis street, Toronto, is making arrangements for another of her foreign tours. Paris, with its exhibition, its illuminations and unusual festivities, will be the central attraction. From there the ladies will go to Switzerland. Lake Lucerne, with the Bruing Pass, now traversed by the new Bruing Railway. The Rhigi, with its wonderful railway ascent, and again the amazing passage of the St. Gothard, the train winding in and out of the mountain side, higher, and still higher, leaving midsummer in the valley and finding ice and snow at the topmost station, then descending to the Italian side in the same wonderful and tortuous manner. The Italian lakes, with their glorious beauty, and the marvels of Venice succeed; the Austrian Tyrol; noble Munich, with its handsome streets and grand art galleries, lead us to Nuremberg, beautiful and quaint, retaining much of the appearance of mediæval times. The sail down the Rhine is always memorable, when seen for the first time. Cologne, Brussels and Antwerp lie on the road to England. Some ladies from Canada, the States and England have already joined this party, and there is every prospect of as pleasant and prosperous a trip as that of last year enjoyed under the same auspices. Miss Hill has spent much time on the Continent, and knowing well the places to be visited, the routes of travel and languages, is enabled to take ladies great distances and show them the principal points of interest, with a minimum of fatigue. Paris will, of course, be very full this year and prices very high, and when there ladies will fully appreciate the comfort of the arrangements already made by Miss Hill for the sojourn in that city.

A Beautiful Gift.

Eight beautiful studies of birds and flowers, put up in portfolio, worth at least $2, for 25c., post free. Address Frederick J. Prior, Toronto, Ont.

It has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise, which have been before the public of England for the last half century, are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to Beecham's Pills, which in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach. For sale by all druggists.

Compassion to a fallen race
In Nature's healing springs we trace.

The investment of Toronto capital and purchase of St. Leon Springs opens a new home for western tourists near Montreal. At this moment all is bustle putting the several hundred rooms in highly comfortable repair for the reception of guests. The surpassing testimony that led our keen, speculative citizens to the purchase should prompt the public to try this spot, where sickness, pains, or weakness give place to health, strength and joy, where fresh and lasting charms are added to life.

The Queen's Own Rifles sometimes aim at the entertainment as well as defense of the public, and on Monday evening, May 6, at the Grand Opera House, they will loom up in the shape of a Minstrel concert, in which the full band of the regiment, ten end men, a chorus of sixty and a fancy drill by the bugle band will be leading features. As it is given in aid of the Band fund it should be well patronized by those who take a pride in our crack regiments.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

KIRKPATRICK—On April 19, at Toronto, Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick—a daughter.

RICHARDSON—On April 18, at St. George, Ont., Mrs. J. R. Richardson—a son.

VIGEON—On April 19, Mrs. Harry Vigeon—a daughter.

ROMERO—On April 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Allan S. Thomson—a son.

WAIF—On April 17, at Thorncliff, District of Nipissing, Mrs. J. B. Waif—a son.

HAMILTON—On April 12, at Toronto, Mrs. W. M. Hamilton—a son—still-born.

ANDERSON—On April 20, at Toronto, Mrs. A. C. Anderson—a daughter.

BRUCE—On April 21, at Toronto, Mrs. J. O. Bochanan—a daughter.

BROWDON—On April 19, Mrs. J. H. Brownson—a son.

HUTTON—On April 23, at Brampton, Mrs. J. O. Hutton—a son.

ARMIZAGE—On April 2, at St. Catharines, Mrs. W. J. Armitage—a son.

Marriages.

PHILLIPS—TURNER—On April 17, at Toronto, W. E. Phillips to Margaret Turner.

PEAKE—WOODRUFF—On April 17, at Whitehall, England, John Wilcox Peaker, M.B., M.R.C.S., to Florence Nightingale Woodruff.

DAVIDSON—BARCLAY—On April 18, at Morrison, Ill., A. B. Davidson, B.A., of Newmarket, to Robina J. Barclay of Paris.

CLENDENAN—GILMOUR—On April 23, at West Toronto Junction, Dr. G. W. Clendenan to Annie Gilmour.

LEE—GOODERHAM—An April 22, at Toronto, Walter Cecil Lee to Alice Wilmot Gooderham.

WALTERHOUSE—CARTWRIGHT—On April 23, at Toronto, J. H. Waterhouse to Matilday Cartwright.

FOX—NETBY—On April 22, at Berlin, J. J. Fox of Toronto, to Annie M. Nethery.

FARMER—NASH—On April 22, at Chicago, Ill., Thomas Dewey Farmer, B.C.L., of Hamilton, Ont., to Annie Diana Nash.

FAREWELL—WOLFENDEN—On April 22, at Batavia, N.Y., Mr. J. E. Farewell, of Whitby, Ont., to Mrs. M. C. Wolfenden.

ROBSON—SHANKS—On April 17, at Vaughan, William Robson to Annie Gertrude Shanks.

CAWSTON- routh—On April 15, at Los Angeles, Cal., Edwin Cawston of Norwalk, Cal., to Mary Routh of Hamilton, Ont.

M'CQUEEN—DUNNETT—On April 18, at London, Alexander M. Macqueen to Violet Dunnett.

CORVISH—FORBES—On April 3, at Chattanooga, Tenn., R. G. H. Cornish of Toronto to Etta Forbes.

STOREY—AVISON—On April 3, at Toronto, John J. Storey of Lanark, Ont., to Miss Anna Avison.

Deaths.

ARMSTRONG—On April 19, at Toronto, Elizabeth Armstrong, aged 80 years.

FULTON—On April 18, at York Mills, Mrs. Jay H. Fulton, aged 36 years.

ROBERTS—On April 18, at Canon City, Colorado, Richard Roberts.

WALLIS—On April 18, at Toronto, Mrs. Esther Wallis, aged 70 years.

BERNSTEIN—On April 20, at Toronto, Alexander (Sandy) Bernstein, aged 57 years.

CARVETH—On April 20, at Toronto, Edith Mary Carveth, aged 5 months

LILLIE—On April 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Elizabeth Waddell Lillie, aged 82 years.

MOORE—On April 20, at Toronto, Mrs. William Moore, aged 57 years.

PRENTIS—On April 17, at Detroit, Mabel Prentis, aged 14 years.

ALEXANDER—On April 18, at Hamilton, Mrs. Isabella Buchan Alexander, aged 76 years.

CUTTELL—On April 23, at Toronto, Thomas Cuttell, aged 89 years.

JONES—On April 22, at Cobourg, Rev. R. Jones, aged 85 years.

STOKES—On April 23, at Claremont, Richard Stokes, aged 36 years.

CO LDY—On April 23, at Toronto, Mrs. John Coady, aged 75 years.

WELLER—On March 27, at Little Rock, Ark., Wilson Weller of Cobourg, Ont., aged 38 years.

WATSON—On April 22, at Toronto, John Watson, aged 85 years.

McLEAN—On April 18, at Tilsonburg, Lachlan McLean, aged 64 years.

DEANS—On April 21, at Toronto, William Deans, aged 55 years.

CARLYLE—On April 5, at Stranraer, Wigtonshire, Scotland, Robert Carlyle, aged 78 years.

BOUCHER—In Township of Whitchurch, Thos. Bouchier, aged 64 years

FRANCIS—On April 21, at Thornhill, Robert Allan Francis, aged 6 years.

GORDAN—On April 20, at Newtonbrook, Robt. Gordon, aged 77 years.

MOWAT—On April 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. J. Mowat.

LANGAN—On April 20, at Toronto, Mrs. F. Langan, aged 82 years.

MONRO—On April 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Geo. Monro.

DEVONISH—On April 21, at Wexford, county of York, Mrs. Mary Devonish, aged 73 years.

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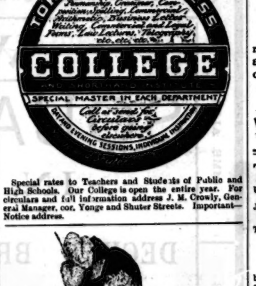

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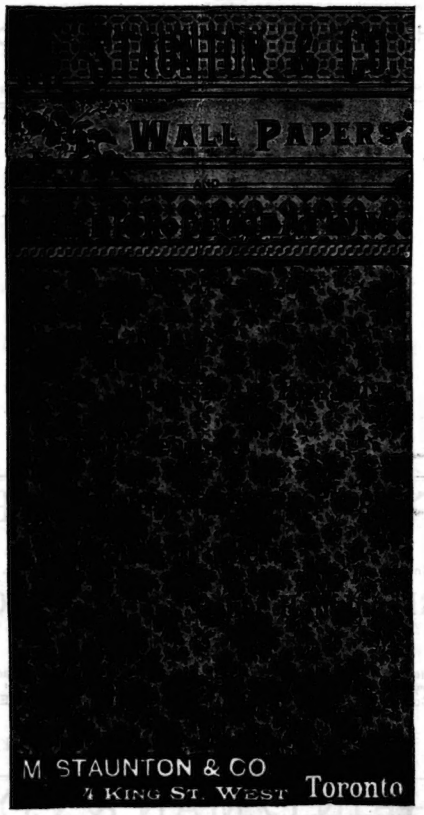

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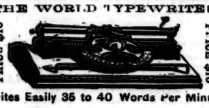

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